

J. S. M. C. H.
108

ROBERT BROWNING'S
POETICAL WORKS

VOL. V.

THE POETICAL WORKS
of
ROBERT BROWNING

VOL. V.

DRAMATIC ROMANCES
CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY

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DRAMATIC ROMANCES.



DRAMATIC ROMANCES.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
" That soar, to earth may fall,
" Let once my army-leader Lannes
" Waver at yonder wall,"—

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
"We've got you Ratisbon !
"The Marshal's in the market-place,
"And you'll be there anon
"To see your flag-bird flap his vans
"Where I, to heart's desire,
"Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his
plans
Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
“ You 're wounded ! ” “ Nay,” the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
“ I 'm killed, Sire ! ” And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

THE PATRIOT.

AN OLD STORY.

I.

IT was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

II.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, " Good folk, mere noise repels—
" But give me your sun from yonder skies !"
They had answered, " And afterward, what else ?"

III.

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
, To give it my loving friends to keep !

Nought man could do, have I left undone :

And you see my harvest, what I reap

This very day, now a year is run.

IV.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—

Just a palsied few at the windows set ;

For the best of the sight is, all allow,

At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,

By the very scaffold's foot. I trow.

V.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,

A rope cuts both my wrists behind ;

And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,

For they fling, whoever has a mind,

Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

VI.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !

In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe

"Me?"—God might question ; now instead,

'T is God shall repay : I am safer so.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA

THAT 's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
"Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
"Must never hope to reproduce the faint

“Half-flush that dies along her throat :” such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate’er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, ’t was all one ! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good ! but
thanked

Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody’s gift. Who ’d stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, “Just this
“Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
“Or there exceed the mark”—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E’en then would be some stooping ; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,

Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without
Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise ? We 'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we 'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me !

COUNT GISMOND.

AIX IN PROvence.

I.

CHRIST God who savest man, save most
 Of men Count Gismond who saved me !
 Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
 Chose time and place and company
 To suit it ; when he struck at length
 My honour, 't was with all his strength.

II.

And doubtlessly ere he could draw
 All points to one, he must have schemed !
 That miserable morning saw
 Few half so happy as I seemed,
 While being dressed in queen's array
 To give our tourney prize away.

III.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves ; 't was all their deed ;
God makes, or fair or foul, our face ;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

IV.

They, too, so beauteous ! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast ;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head !

V.

But no : they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs—

VI.

And come out on the morning-troop
Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me queen, and made me stoop
Under the canopy—(a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun,
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

VII.

And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My queen's-day—Oh I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud !

VIII.

However that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down ; 't was time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . there, 't will last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain !

IX.

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
But Gauthier, and he thundered "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!"

X.

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet
"About her! Let her shun the chaste,
"Or lay herself before their feet!
"Shall she whose body I embraced
"A night long, queen it in the day?
"For honour's sake no crowns, I say!"

XI.

I? What I answered? As I live,
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

XII.

Till out strode Gismond ; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan ; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end ?

XIII.

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

XIV.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed
By any doubt of the event :
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part : I did.

XV.

Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while ! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

XVI.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground :
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

XVII.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
And said " Here die, but end thy breath
" In full confession, lest thou fleet
" From my first, to God's second death !
" Say, hast thou lied ? " And, " I have lied
" To God and her," he said, and died.

XVIII.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
—What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers for ever, to a third
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
Until I sank upon his breast.

XIX.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world ; and scarce I felt
His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
A little shifted in its belt :
For he began to say the while
How South our home lay many a mile.

XX.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
We two walked forth to never more
Return. My cousins have pursued
Their life, untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten ! May his soul find grace !

XXI.

Our elder boy has got the clear

Great brow ; tho' when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here ?

And have you brought my tercel back ?

I just was telling Adela

How many birds it struck since May.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done ;
"I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

"As well as if thy voice to-day
"Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
"Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
"Might praise him, that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
"Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well.

And morning, evening, noon and night
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, " A praise is in mine ear ;
" There is no doubt in it, no fear :

" So sing old worlds, and so
" New worlds that from my footstool go.

" Clearer loves sound other ways :
" I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'T was Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

“ I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell
‘ And set thee here ; I did not well.

“ Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
“ Vain was thy dream of many a year.

“Thy voice’s praise seemed weak ; it dropped—

“Creation’s chorus stopped !

“Go back and praise again

“The early way, while I remain.

“With that weak voice of our disdain,

“Take up creation’s pausing strain.

“Back to the cell and poor employ :

“Resume the craftsman and the boy !”

Theocrite grew old at home ;

A new Pope dwelt in Peter’s dome.

One vanished as the other died :

They sought God side by side.

INSTANS TYRANNUS.

I.

OF the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

II.

I struck him, he grovelled of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinned him to earth with my weight
And persistence of hate :
And he lay, would not moan, would not curse,
As his lot might be worse.

III.

“Were the object less mean, would he stand
“At the swing of my hand !

“For obscurity helps him and blots
“The hole where he squats.”
So, I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain ! Gold and jewels I threw,
Still he couched there perdue ;
I tempted his blood and his flesh,
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cates and the flagon’s best spilth :
Still he kept to his filth.

IV.

Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, did I press :
Just a son or a mother to seize !
No such booty as these.
Were it simply a friend to pursue
’Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me in person or pelf
What he owes me himself !
No : I could not but smile through my chafe :
For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit,
—Through minuteness, to wit.

V.

Then a humour more great took its place
At the thought of his face,
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
Twixt the brows, all that air one is fain
To put out of its pain.
And, "no!" I admonished myself,
"Is one mocked by an elf,
"Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
"The gravamen's in that!
"How the lion, who crouches to suit
"His back to my foot,
"Would admire that I stand in debate!
"But the small turns the great
"If it vexes you,—that is the thing!
"Toad or rat vex the king?
"Though I waste half my realm to unearth
"Toad or rat, 't is well worth!"

VI.

So, I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole, with never a break

Ran my fires for his sake ;
Over-head, did my thunder combine
With my underground mine :
Till I looked from my labour content
To enjoy the event.

VII.

When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend"?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest !
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed !
—So, *I* was afraid !

MESMERISM.

I.

ALL I believed is true !
I am able yet
All I want, to get
By a method as strange as new :
Dare I trust the same to you ?

II.

If at night, when doors are shut,
And the wood-worm picks,
And the death-watch ticks,
And the bar has a flag of smut,
And a cat 's in the water-butt—

III.

And the socket floats and flares,
And the house-beams groan,
And a foot unknown

Is surmised on the garret-stairs
And the locks slip unawares—

IV.

And the spider, to serve his ends,
By a sudden thread,
Arms and legs outspread,
On the table's midst descends,
Comes to find, God knows what friends '

V

If since eve drew in, I say,
I have sat and brought
(So to speak) my thought
To bear on the woman away,
Till I felt my hair turn grey—

VI.

Till I seemed to have and hold,
In the vacancy
'Twixt the wall and me,
From the hair-plait's chestnut gold
To the foot in its muslin fold—

VII.

Have and hold, then and there,
Her, from head to foot,
Breathing and mute,
Passive and yet aware,
In the grasp of my steady stare—

VIII.

Hold and have, there and then,
All her body and soul
That completes my whole,
All that women add to men,
In the clutch of my steady ken—

IX.

Having and holding, till
I imprint her fast
On the void at last
As the sun does whom he will
By the calotypist's skill—

X.

Then,—if my heart's strength serve,
And through all and each
Of the veils I reach

To her soul and never swerve,
Knitting an iron nerve—

XI.

Command her soul to advance
And inform the shape
Which has made escape
And before my countenance
Answers me glance for glance—

XII.

I, still with a gesture fit
Of my hands that best
Do my soul's behest,
Pointing the power from it,
While myself do steadfast sit—

XIII.

Steadfast and still the same
On my object bent,
While the hands give vent
To my ardour and my aim
And break into very flame—

XIV.

Then I reach, I must believe,
Not her soul in vain,
For to me again
It reaches, and past retrieve
Is wound in the toils I weave ;

XV.

And must follow as I require,
As befits a thrall,
Bringing flesh and all,
Essence and earth-attire,
To the source of the tractile fire :

XVI.

Till the house called hers, not mine,
With a growing weight
Seems to suffocate
If she break not its leaden line
And escape from its close confine.

XVII.

Out of doors into the night !
On to the maze
Of the wild wood-ways,

Not turning to left nor right
From the pathway, blind with sight—

XVIII.

Making thro' rain and wind
O'er the broken shrubs,
'Twixt the stems and stubs,
With a still, composed, strong mind,
Nor a care for the world behind—

XIX.

Swifter and still more swift,
As the crowding peace
Doth to joy increase
In the wide blind eyes uplift
Thro' the darkness and the drift!

XX.

While I—to the shape, I too
Feel my soul dilate
Nor a whit abate,
And relax not a gesture due,
As I see my belief come true.

XXI.

For, there ! have I drawn or no
Life to that lip?
Do my fingers dip
In a flame which again they throw
On the cheek that breaks a-glow?

XXII.

Ha ! was the hair so first?
What, unfileted,
Made alive, and spread
Through the void with a rich outburst,
Chestnut gold-interspersed?

XXIII.

Like the doors of a casket-shrine,
See, on either side,
Her two arms divide
Till the heart betwixt makes sign,
Take me, for I am thine !

XXIV.

"Now—now"—the door is heard !
Hark, the stairs ! and near—
Nearer—and here—

“ Now ! ” and at call the third
She enters without a word.

XXV.

On doth she march and on
To the fancied shape ;
It is, past escape,
Herself, now : the dream is done
And the shadow and she are one.

XXVI.

First I will pray. Do Thou
That ownest the soul,
Yet wilt grant control
To another, nor disallow
For a time, restrain me now !

XXVII.

I admonish me while I may,
Not to squander guilt,
Since require Thou wilt
At my hand its price one day !
What the price is, who can say ?

THE GLOVE.

(PETER RONSARD *loquitur.*)

"HEIGHO!" yawned one day King Francis,

"Distance all value enhances!

"When a man's busy, why, leisure

"Strikes him as wonderful pleasure:

"Faith, and at leisure once is he?

"Straightway he wants to be busy.

"Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm

"Caught thinking war the true pastime.

"Is there a reason in metre?

"Give us your speech, master Peter!"

I who, if mortal dare say so,

Ne'er am at loss with my Naso,

"Sire," I replied, "joys prove cloudlets:

"Men are the merest Ixions"—

Here the King whistled aloud, "Let's

"—Heigho—go look at our lions!"

Such are the sorrowful chances

If you talk fine to King Francis.

And so, to the courtyard proceeding,
Our company, Francis was leading,
Increased by new followers tenfold
Before he arrived at the penfold ;
Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen
At sunset the western horizon.
And Sir De Lorge pressed 'mid the foremost
With the dame he professed to adore most.
Oh, what a face ! One by fits eyed
Her, and the horrible pitside ;
For the penfold surrounded a hollow
Which led where the eye scarce dared follow,
And shelved to the chamber secluded
Where Bluebeard, the great lion, brooded.
The King hailed his keeper, an Arab
As glossy and black as a scarab,
And bade him make sport and at once stir
Up and out of his den the old monster.
They opened a hole in the wire-work
Across it, and dropped there a firework,
And fled : one's heart's beating redoubled ;
A pause, while the pit's mouth was troubled,
The blackness and silence so utter,
By the firework's slow sparkling and sputter ;
Then earth in a sudden contortion
Gave out to our gaze her abortion.

Such a brute ! Were I friend Clement Marot
(Whose experience of nature 's but narrow,
And whose faculties move in no small mist
When he versifies David the Psalmist)
I should study that brute to describe you
Illum Juda Leonem de Tribu.

One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
To see the black mane, vast and heapy,
The tail in the air stiff and straining,
The wide eyes, nor waxing nor waning,
As over the barrier which bounded
His platform, and us who surrounded
The barrier, they reached and they rested
On space that might stand him in best stead :
For who knew, he thought, what the amazement,
The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,
And if, in this minute of wonder,
No outlet, 'mid lightning and thunder,
Lay broad, and, his shackles all shivered,
The lion at last was delivered?
Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead !
And you saw by the flash on his forehead,
By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
He was leagues in the desert already,
Driving the flocks up the mountain,
Or catlike couched hard by the fountain

To waylay the date-gathering negress :

So guarded he entrance or egress.

“ How he stands !” quoth the King : “ we may well swear,

(“ No novice, we ’ve won our spurs elsewhere

“ And so can afford the confession,)

“ We exercise wholesome discretion

“ In keeping aloof from his threshold ,

“ Once hold you, those jaws want no fresh hold,

“ Their first would too pleasantly purloin

“ The visitor’s brisket or surloin :

“ But who ’s he would prove so fool-hardy?

“ Not the best man of Marignan, pardie !”

The sentence no sooner was uttered,

Than over the rails a glove fluttered,

Fell close to the lion, and rested :

The dame ’t was, who flung it and jested

With life so, De Lorge had been wooing

For months past ; he sat there pursuing

His suit, weighing out with nonchalance

Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

Sound the trumpet, no true knight ’s a tarrier !

De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,

Walked straight to the glove,—while the lion

Ne’er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on

The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,
And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir,—
Picked it up, and as calmly retreated,
Leaped back where the lady was seated,
And full in the face of its owner
Flung the glove.

“Your heart's queen, you dethrone her?
“So should I!”—cried the King—“’t was mere
vanity,
“Not love, set that task to humanity!”
Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing.

Not so, I ; for I caught an expression
In her brow's undisturbed self-possession
Amid the Court's scoffing and merriment,—
As if from no pleasing experiment
She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
So long as the process was needful,—
As if she had tried in a crucible,
To what “speeches like gold” were reducible,
And, finding the finest prove copper,
Felt the smoke in her face was but proper ;
To know what she had *not* to trust to,
Was worth all the ashes and dust too.

She went out 'mid hooting and laughter ;
Clement Marot stayed ; I followed after,
And asked, as a grace, what it all meant ?
If she wished not the rash deed's recalment ?
" For I "—so I spoke—" am a poet :
" Human nature,—behoves that I know it !"

She told me, " Too long had I heard
" Of the deed proved alone by the word :
" For my love—what De Lorge would not dare :
" With my scorn—what De Lorge could compare !
" And the endless descriptions of death
" He would brave when my lip formed a breath,
" I must reckon as braved, or, of course,
" Doubt his word—and moreover, perforce,
" For such gifts as no lady could spurn,
" Must offer my love in return.
" When I looked on your lion, it brought
" All the dangers at once to my thought,
" Encountered by all sorts of men,
" Before he was lodged in his den,—
" From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
" Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
" With no King and no Court to applaud,
" By no shame, should he shrink, overawed,
" Yet to capture the creature made shift,

“ That his rude boys might laugh at the gift,
“ —To the page who last leaped o’er the fence
“ Of the pit, on no greater pretence
“ Than to get back the bonnet he dropped,
“ Lest his pay for a week should be stopped.
“ So, wiser I judged it to make
“ One trial what ‘death for my sake’
“ Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
“ Than to wait until time should define
“ Such a phrase not so simply as I,
“ Who took it to mean just ‘to die.’
“ The blow a glove gives is but weak :
“ Does the mark yet discolour my cheek?
“ But when the heart suffers a blow,
“ Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?”

I looked, as away she was sweeping,
And saw a youth eagerly keeping
As close as he dared to the doorway.
No doubt that a noble should more weigh
His life than befits a plebeian ;
And yet, had our brute been Nemean—
(I judge by a certain calm fervour
The youth stepped with, forward to serve her)
—He ’d have scarce thought you did him the worst turn
If you whispered “ Friend, what you ’d get, first earn ! ”

And when, shortly after, she carried
Her shame from the Court, and they married,
To that marriage some happiness, maugre
The voice of the Court, I dared augur.

For De Lorge, he made women with men vie,
Those in wonder and praise, these in envy ;
And in short stood so plain a head taller
That he wooed and won . . . how do you call her ?
The beauty, that rose in the sequel
To the King's love, who loved her a week well.
And 't was noticed he never would honour
De Lorge (who looked daggers upon her)
With the easy commission of stretching
His legs in the service, and fetching
His wife, from her chamber, those straying
Sad gloves she was always mislaying,
While the King took the closet to chat in,—
But of course this adventure came pat in.
And never the King told the story,
How bringing a glove brought such glory,
But the wife smiled—" His nerves are grown firmer :
" Mine he brings now and utters no murmur."

Venienti occurrite morbo !

With which moral I drop my theorbo

TIME'S REVENGES.

I 'VE a Friend, over the sea ;
I like him, but he loves me.
It all grew out of the books I write ;
They find such favour in his sight
That he slaughters you with savage looks
Because you don't admire my books.
He does himself though,—and if some vein
Were to snap to-night in this heavy brain,
To-morrow month, if I lived to try,
Round should I just turn quietly,
Or out of the bedclothes stretch my hand
Till I found him, come from his foreign land
To be my nurse in this poor place,
And make my broth and wash my face
And light my fire and, all the while,
Bear with his old good-humoured smile
That I told him “ Better have kept away
“ Than come and kill me, night and day,

"With, worse than fever throbs and shoots,

"The creaking of his clumsy boots."

I am as sure that this he would do,

As that Saint Paul's is striking two.

And I think I rather . . . woe is me !

—Yes, rather would see him than not see,

If lifting a hand could seat him there

Before me in the empty chair

To-night, when my head aches indeed,

And I can neither think nor read

Nor make these purple fingers hold

The pen ; this garret 's freezing cold !

And I've a Lady—there he wakes,

The laughing fiend and prince of snakes

Within me, at her name, to pray

Fate send some creature in the way

Of my love for her, to be down-torn,

Upthrust and outward-borne,

So I might prove myself that sea

Of passion which I needs must be !

Call my thoughts false and my fancies quaint

And my style infirm and its figures faint,

All the critics say, and more blame yet,

And not one angry word you get.

But, please you, wonder I would put

My cheek beneath that lady's foot
Rather than trample under mine
The laurels of the Florentine,
And you shall see how the devil spends
A fire God gave for other ends !
I tell you, I stride up and down
This garret, crowned with love's best crown,
And feasted with love's perfect feast,
To think I kill for her, at least,
Body and soul and peace and fame,
Alike youth's end and manhood's aim,
—So is my spirit, as flesh with sin,
Filled full, eaten out and in
With the face of her, the eyes of her,
The lips, the little chin, the stir
Of shadow round her mouth ; and she
—I 'll tell you,—calmly would decree
That I should roast at a slow fire,
If that would compass her desire
And make her one whom they invite
To the famous ball to-morrow night.

There may be heaven ; there must be hell ;
Meantime, there is our earth here—well !

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

THAT second time they hunted me
 From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
 And Austria, hounding far and wide
 Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
 Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
 I made six days a hiding-place
 Of that dry green old aqueduct
 Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
 The fire-flies from the roof above,
 Bright creeping thro' the moss they love :
 —How long it seems since Charles was lost !
 Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
 The country in my very sight ;
 And when that peril ceased at night,
 The sky broke out in red dismay
 With signal fires ; well, there I lay
 Close covered o'er in my recess,
 Up to the neck in ferns and cress,

Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days ; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize ; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine ;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too ;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance : she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground.
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt ;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
• A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that ; my glove lay in her breast.

Then I drew breath ; they disappeared :
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts : on me
Rested the hopes of Italy.
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 't was told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth ;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
“ I am that man upon whose head
“ They fix the price, because I hate
“ The Austrians over us : the State
“ Will give you gold—oh, gold so much !—
“ If you betray me to their clutch,
“ And be your death, for aught I know,

“ If once they find you saved their foe.
“ Now, you must bring me food and drink,
“ And also paper, pen and ink,
“ And carry safe what I shall write
“ To Padua, which you ’ll reach at night
“ Before the duomo shuts ; go in,
“ And wait till Tenebræ begin ;
“ Walk to the third confessional,
“ Between the pillar and the wall,
“ And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace ?*
“ Say it a second time, then cease ;
“ And if the voice inside returns,
“ *From Christ and Freedom ; what concerns*
“ *The cause of Peace ?*—for answer, slip
“ My letter where you placed your lip ;
“ Then come back happy we have done
“ Our mother service—I, the son,
“ As you the daughter of our land ! ”

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes :
I was no surer of sun-rise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,

“ He could do much ”—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
“ She could not speak for others, who
“ Had other thoughts ; herself she knew : ”
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path ; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me : she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—“ This faith was shown
“ To Italy, our mother ; she
“ Uses my hand and blesses thee.”
She followed down to the sea-shore ;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die !
I never was in love ; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend ?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—

I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
“Freedom grows license,” some suspect
“Haste breeds delay,” and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen “All 's for best,”
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand

This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile ; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt : what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time ! To business now.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN ITALY.

PIANO DI SORRENTO.

FORTÙ, Fortù, my beloved one,
 Sit here by my side,
On my knees put up both little feet !
 I was sure, if I tried,
I could make you laugh spite of Scirocco.
 Now, open your eyes,
Let me keep you amused till he vanish
 In black from the skies,
With telling my memories over
 As you tell your beads ;
All the Plain saw me gather, I garland
 —The flowers or the weeds.

Time for rain ! for your long hot dry Autumn
 Had net-worked with brown
• The white skin of each grape on the bunches,
 Marked like a quail's crown,

Those creatures you make such account of,
Whose heads,—speckled white
Over brown like a great spider's back,
As I told you last night,—
Your mother bites off for her supper.
Red-ripe as could be,
Pomegranates were chapping and splitting
In halves on the tree :
And betwixt the loose walls of great flintstone,
Or in the thick dust
On the path, or straight out of the rock-side,
Wherever could thrust
Some burnt sprig of bold hardy rock-flower
Its yellow face up,
For the prize were great butterflies fighting,
Some five for one cup.
So, I guessed, ere I got up this morning,
What change was in store,
By the quick rustle-down of the quail-nets
Which woke me before
I could open my shutter, made fast
With a bough and a stone,
And look thro' the twisted dead vine-twigs,
Sole lattice that 's known.
Quick and sharp rang the rings down the net-poles,
While, busy beneath,

Your priest and his brother tugged at them,
The rain in their teeth.
And out upon all the flat house-roofs
Where split figs lay drying,
The girls took the frails under cover :
Nor use seemed in trying
To get out the boats and go fishing,
For, under the cliff,
Fierce the black water frothed o'er the blind-rock.
No seeing our skiff
Arrive about noon from Amalfi,
—Our fisher arrive,
And pitch down his basket before us,
All trembling alive
With pink and grey jellies, your sea-fruit ;
You touch the strange lumps,
And mouths gape there, eyes open, all manner
Of horns and of humps,
Which only the fisher looks grave at,
While round him like imps
Cling screaming the children as naked
And brown as his shrimps ;
Himself too as bare to the middle
—You see round his neck
• The string and its brass coin suspended,
That saves him from wreck.

But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
 So back, to a man,
Came our friends, with whose help in the vineyards
 Grape-harvest began.
In the vat, halfway up in our house-side,
 Like blood the juice spins,
While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
 Till breathless he grins
Dead-beaten in effort on effort
 To keep the grapes under,
Since still when he seems all but master,
 In pours the fresh plunder
From girls who keep coming and going
 With basket on shoulder,
And eyes shut against the rain's driving ;
 Your girls that are older, —
For under the hedges of aloe,
 And where, on its bed
Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple
 Lies pulpy and red,
All the young ones are kneeling and filling
 Their laps with the snails
Tempted out by this first rainy weather, —
 Your best of regales,
As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
 When, supping in state,

We shall feast our grape-gleaners (two dozen,
Three over one plate)
With lasagne so tempting to swallow
In slippery ropes,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That colour of popes.
Meantime, see the grape bunch they 've brought you :
The rain-water slips
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence :
Nay, taste, while awake,
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball
That peels, flake by flake,
Like an onion, each smoother and whiter ;
Next, sip this weak wine
From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
A leaf of the vine ;
And end with the prickly-pear's red flesh
That leaves thro' its juice
The stony black seeds on your pearl-teeth.
Scirocco is loose !
Hark, the quick, whistling pelt of the olives
Which, thick in one's track,
Tempt the stranger to pick up and bite them,
Tho' not yet half black !

How the old twisted olive trunks shudder,
The medlars let fall
Their hard fruit, and the brittle great fig-trees
Snap off, figs and all,
For here comes the whole of the tempest !
No refuge, but creep
Back again to my side and my shoulder,
And listen or sleep.

O how will your country show next week,
When all the vine-boughs
Have been stripped of their foliage to pasture
The mules and the cows ?
Last eve, I rode over the mountains ;
Your brother, my guide,
Soon left me, to feast on the myrtles
That offered, each side,
Their fruit-balls, black, glossy and luscious,—
Or strip from the sorbs
A treasure, or, rosy and wondrous,
Those hairy gold orbs !
But my mule picked his sure sober path out,
Just stopping to neigh
When he recognized down in the valley
His mates on their way

With the faggots and barrels of water ;
 And soon we emerged
From the plain, where the woods could scarce follow ;
 And still as we urged
Our way, the woods wondered, and left us,
 As up still we trudged
Though the wild path grew wilder each instant,
 And place was e'en grudged
'Mid the rock-chasms and piles of loose stones
 Like the loose broken teeth
Of some monster which climbed there to die
 From the ocean beneath—
Place was grudged to the silver-grey fume-weed
 That clung to the path,
And dark rosemary ever a-dying
 That, 'spite the wind's wrath,
So loves the salt rock's face to seaward,
 And lentisks as staunch
To the stone where they root and bear berries,
 And . . . what shows a branch
Coral-coloured, transparent, with circlets
 Of pale seagreen leaves ;
Over all trod my mule with the caution
 Of gleaners o'er sheaves,
Still, foot after foot like a lady,
 Till, round after round,

He climbed to the top of Calvano,
And God's own profound
Was above me, and round me the mountains,
And under, the sea,
And within me my heart to bear witness
What was and shall be.
Oh, heaven and the terrible crystal !
No rampart excludes
Your eye from the life to be lived
In the blue solitudes.
Oh, those mountains, their infinite movement !
Still moving with you ;
For, ever some new head and breast of them
Thrusts into view
To observe the intruder ; you see it
If quickly you turn
And, before they escape you surprise them.
They grudge you should learn
How the soft plains they look on, lean over
And love (they pretend)
—Cower beneath them, the flat sea-pine crouches,
The wild fruit-trees bend,
E'en the myrtle-leaves curl, shrink and shut :
All is silent and grave :
'T is a sensual and timorous beauty,
How fair ! but a slave.

So, I turned to the sea ; and there slumbered
 As greenly as ever
Those isles of the siren, your Galli ;
 No ages can sever
The Three, nor enable their sister
 To join them,—halfway
On the voyage, she looked at Ulysses—
 No farther to-day,
Tho' the small one, just launched in the wave,
 Watches breast-high and steady
From under the rock, her bold sister
 Swum halfway already.
Fortù, shall we sail there together
 And see from the sides
Quite new rocks show their faces, new haunts
 Where the siren abides ?
Shall we sail round and round them, close over
 The rocks, tho' unseen,
That ruffle the grey glassy water
 To glorious green ?
Then scramble from splinter to splinter,
 Reach land and explore,
On the largest, the strange square black turret
 With never a door,
• Just a loop to admit the quick lizards ;
 Then, stand there and hear

The birds' quiet singing, that tells us
What life is, so clear?
—The secret they sang to Ulysses
When, ages ago,
He heard and he knew this life's secret
I hear and I know.

Ah, see! The sun breaks o'er Calvano;
He strikes the great gloom
And flutters it o'er the mount's summit
In airy gold fume.
All is over. Look out, see the gipsy,
Our tinker and smith,
Has arrived, set up bellows and forge,
And down-squatted forthwith
To his hammering, under the wall there;
One eye keeps aloof
The urchins that itch to be putting
His jews'-harps to proof,
While the other, thro' locks of curled wire,
Is watching how sleek
Shines the hog, come to share in the windfall
—Chew, abbot's own cheek!
All is over. Wake up and come out now,
And down let us go,

And see the fine things got in order
At church for the show
Of the Sacrament, set forth this evening.
To-morrow 's the Feast
Of the Rosary's Virgin, by no means
Of Virgins the least,
As you 'll hear in the off-hand discourse
Which (all nature, no art)
The Dominican brother, these three weeks,
Was getting by heart.
Not a pillar nor post but is dized
With red and blue papers ;
All the roof waves with ribbons, each altar
A-blaze with long tapers ;
But the great masterpiece is the scaffold
Rigged glorious to hold
All the fiddlers and fifers and drummers
And trumpeters bold,
Not afraid of Bellini nor Auber,
Who, when the priest 's hoarse,
Will strike us up something that 's brisk
For the feast's second course.
And then will the flaxen-wigged Image
Be carried in pomp
Thro' the plain, while in gallant procession
The priests mean to stomp.

All round the glad church lie old bottles
 With gunpowder stopped,
Which will be, when the Image re-enters,
 Religiously popped ;
And at night from the crest of Calvano
 Great bonfires will hang,
On the plain will the trumpets join chorus,
 And more poppers bang.
At all events, come—to the garden
 As far as the wall ;
See me tap with a hoe on the plaster
 Till out there shall fall
A scorpion with wide angry nippers !

—“ Such trifles ! ” you say ?
Fortù, in my England at home,
 Men meet gravely to-day
And debate, if abolishing Corn-laws
 Be righteous and wise
—If ’t were proper, Scirocco should vanish
 In black from the skies !

*IN A GONDOLA.**He sings.*

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part ;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-
place.

She speaks.

Say after me, and try to say
My very words, as if each word
Came from you of your own accord,
In your own voice, in your own way :
" This woman's heart and soul and brain
" Are mine as much as this gold chain
" She bids me wear ; which " (say again)
" I choose to make by cherishing
" A precious thing, or choose to fling

“Over the boat-side, ring by ring.”
And yet once more say . . . no word more !
Since words are only words. Give o’er !

Unless you call me, all the same,
Familiarly by my pet name,
Which if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all.
Ask of me, too, command me, blame—
Do, break down the partition-wall
’Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtained in dusk and splendid folds !
What ’s left but—all of me to take ?
I am the Three’s : prevent them, slake
Your thirst ! ’T is said, the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes : so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage !

He sings.

I.

Past we glide, and past, and past !
What ’s that poor Agnese doing

Where they make the shutters fast?
Grey Zanobi's just a-wooing
To his couch the purchased bride :
Past we glide !

II.

Past we glide, and past, and past !
Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast?
Guests by hundreds, not one caring
If the dear host's neck were wried :
Past we glide !

She sings.

I.

The moth's kiss, first !
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up ; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

II.

The bee's kiss, now !
Kiss me as if you entered gay

My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings.

I.

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can pursue,
To a feast of our tribe ;
Where they need thee to bribe
The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe
Thy . . . Scatter the vision for ever! And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou !

II.

Say again, what we are?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies bar
My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray
Than my pale one announce there is withering
away

Some . . Scatter the vision for ever! And now.
As of old, I am I, thou art thou !

He muses.

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must ;
Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing.

Lie back; could thought of mine improve you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing ; from this, another wing ;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you !
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet

As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world !

Rescue me thou, the only real !
And scare away this mad ideal
That came, nor motions to depart !
Thanks ! Now, stay ever as thou art !

Still he muses.

I.

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader ? While there's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stylet thro' my back ; I reel ;
And . . . is it thou I feel ?

II.

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that saints and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on thy breast I sink !

She replies, musing.

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
As I do : thus : were death so unlike sleep,
Caught this way ? Death 's to fear from flame or steel,
Or poison doubtless ; but from water—feel !

Go find the bottom ! Would you stay me ? There !
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away : since you have praised my hair,
'T is proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks.

Row home ? must we row home ? Too surely
Know I where its front 's demurely
Over the Giudecca piled ;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All 's the set face of a child :
But behind it, where 's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face ?
No two windows look one way

O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead !
First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then a sweet cry, and last came you—
To catch your lory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony
To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear lory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again !

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine ! What should your chamber do ?

—With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
Who brought against their will together
These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That dumb they look : your harp, believe,
With all the sensitive tight strings
Which dare not speak, now to itself
Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
Went in and out the chords, his wings
Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
As the dry limpet for the lymph
Come with a tune he knows so well.
And how your statues' hearts must swell !
And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend !
Oh, could you take them by surprise,
You 'd find Schidone's eager Duke

Doing the quaintest courtesies
To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke !
And, deeper into her rock den,
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
You 'd find retreated from the ken
Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
As if the Tizian thinks of her,
And is not, rather, gravely bent
On seeing for himself what toys
Are these, his progeny invent,
What litter now the board employs
Whereon he signed a document
That got him murdered ! Each enjoys
Its night so well, you cannot break
The sport up, so, indeed must make
More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks.

I.

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
Is used to tie the jasmine back
That overflows my room with sweets,
Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze ! If the ribbon 's black,
The Three are watching : keep away !

II.

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair !
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper ; safe are we.
Only one minute more to-night with me ?
Resume your past self of a month ago !
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow.
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
More than I touch yours when I step to land,
And say, " All thanks, Siora ! "—

Heart to heart
And lips to lips ! Yet once more, ere we part,
Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou art !

[He is surprised, and stabbed.]

It was ordained to be so, sweet !—and best
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy breast.
Still kiss me ! Care not for the cowards ! Care

Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt ! The Three, I do not scorn
To death, because they never lived : but I
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—
can die !

WARING.

I.

I.

WHAT 's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Chose land-travel or seafaring,
Boots and chest or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town ?

II.

Who 'd have guessed it from his lip
Or his brow's accustomed bearing,
On the night he thus took ship
Or started landward ?—little caring
For us, it seems, who supped together
, (Friends of his too, I remember)
And walked home thro' the merry weather,
The snowiest in all December.

I left his arm that night myself
 For what's-his-name's, the new prose-poet
 Who wrote the book there, on the shelf—
 How, forsooth, was I to know it
 If Waring meant to glide away
 Like a ghost at break of day?
 Never looked he half so gay!

III.

He was prouder than the devil:
 How he must have cursed our revel!
 Ay and many other meetings,
 Indoor visits, outdoor greetings,
 As up and down he paced this London,
 With no work done, but great works undone,
 Where scarce twenty knew his name.
 Why not, then, have earlier spoken,
 Written, bustled? Who's to blame
 If your silence kept unbroken?
 "True, but there were sundry jottings,
 "Stray-leaves, fragments, blurrs and blottings,
 "Certain first steps were achieved
 "Already which"—(is that your meaning?)
 "Had well borne out who'er believed
 "In more to come!" But who goes gleaning
 Hedgeside chance-blades, while full-sheaved

Stand cornfields by him? Pride, o'erweening
Pride alone, puts forth such claims
O'er the day's distinguished names.

IV.

Meantime, how much I loved him,
I find out now I've lost him.
I who cared not if I moved him,
Who could so carelessly accost him,
Henceforth never shall get free
Of his ghostly company,
His eyes that just a little wink
As deep I go into the merit
Of this and that distinguished spirit—
His cheeks' raised colour, soon to sink,
As long I dwell on some stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous
Demoniaco-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic.
Nay, my very wrist grows warm
With his dragging weight of arm.
E'en so, swimmingly appears,
Through one's after-supper musings,
Some lost lady of old years

With her beauteous vain endeavour
 And goodness unrepaid as ever ;
 The face, accustomed to refusings,
 We, puppies that we were . . . Oh never
 Surely, nice of conscience, scrupled
 Being aught like false, forsooth, to ?
 Telling aught but honest truth to ?
 What a sin, had we centupled
 Its possessor's grace and sweetness !
 No ! she heard in its completeness
 Truth, for truth 's a weighty matter,
 And truth, at issue, we can't flatter !
 Well, 't is done with ; she 's exempt
 From damning us thro' such a sally ;
 And so she glides, as down a valley,
 Taking up with her contempt,
 Past our reach ; and in, the flowers
 Shut her unregarded hours.

v.

Oh, could I have him back once more,
 This Waring, but one half-day more !
 Back, with the quiet face of yore,
 So hungry for acknowledgment
 Like mine ! I 'd fool him to his bent.
 Feed, should not he, to heart's content ?

I'd say, "to only have conceived,
"Planned your great works, apart from progress,
"Surpasses little works achieved!"
I'd lie so, I should be believed.
I'd make such havoc of the claims
Of the day's distinguished names
To feast him with, as feasts an ogress
Her feverish sharp-toothed gold-crowned child!
Or as one feasts a creature rarely
Captured here, unreconciled
To capture; and completely gives
Its pettish humours license, barely
Requiring that it lives.

VI.

Ichabod, Ichabod,
The glory is departed!
Travels Waring East away?
Who, of knowledge, by hearsay,
Reports a man upstarted
Somewhere as a god,
Hordes grown European-hearted,
Millions of the wild made tame
On a sudden at his fame?
In Vishnu-land what Avatar?
Or who in Moscow, toward the Czar,

With the demurest of footfalls
Over the Kremlin's pavement bright
With serpentine and syenite,
Steps, with five other Generals
That simultaneously take snuff,
For each to have pretext enough
And kerchiefwise unfold his sash
Which, softness' self, is yet the stuff
To hold fast where a steel chain snaps,
And leave the grand white neck no gash?
Waring in Moscow, to those rough
Cold northern natures born perhaps,
Like the lambwhite maiden dear
From the circle of mute kings
Unable to repress the tear,
Each as his sceptre down he flings,
To Dian's fane at Taurica,
Where now a captive priestess, she alway
Mingles her tender grave Hellenic speech
With theirs, tuned to the hailstone-beaten beach
As pours some pigeon, from the myrrhy lands
Rapt by the whirlblast to fierce Scythian strands
Where breed the swallows, her melodious cry
Amid their barbarous twitter!
In Russia? Never! Spain were fitter!
Ay, most likely 't is in Spain

That we and Waring meet again
Now, while he turns down that cool narrow lane
Into the blackness, out of grave Madrid
All fire and shine, abrupt as when there 's slid
Its stiff gold blazing pall
From some black coffin-lid.
Or, best of all,
I love to think
The leaving us was just a feint ;
Back here to London did he slink,
And now works on without a wink
Of sleep, and we are on the brink
Of something great in fresco-paint :
Some garret's ceiling, walls and floor,
Up and down and o'er and o'er
He splashes, as none splashed before
Since great Caldara Polidore.
Or Music means this land of ours
Some favour yet, to pity won
By Purcell from his Rosy Bowers,—
“ Give me my so-long promised son,
“ Let Waring end what I begun ! ”
Then down he creeps and out he steals
Only when the night conceals
His face ; in Kent 't is cherry-time,
Or hops are picking : or at prime

Of March he wanders as, too happy,
Years ago when he was young,
Some mild eve when woods grew sappy
And the early moths had sprung
To life from many a trembling sheath
Woven the warm boughs beneath ;
While small birds said to themselves
What should soon be actual song,
And young gnats, by tens and twelves,
Made as if they were the throng
That crowd around and carry aloft
The sound they have nursed, so sweet and pure,
Out of a myriad noises soft,
Into a tone that can endure
Amid the noise of a July noon
When all God's creatures crave their boon,
All at once and all in tune,
And get it, happy as Waring then,
Having first within his ken
What a man might do with men :
And far too glad, in the even-glow,
To mix with the world he meant to take
Into his hand, he told you, so—
And out of it his world to make,
To contract and to expand
As he shut or oped his hand.

Oh Waring, what 's to really be?
A clear stage and a crowd to see!
Some Garrick, say, out shall not he
The heart of Hamlet's mystery pluck?
Or, where most unclean beasts are rife,
Some Junius—am I right?—shall tuck
His sleeve, and forth with flaying-knife!
Some Chatterton shall have the luck
Of calling Rowley into life!
Some one shall somehow run a muck
With this old world for want of strife
Sound asleep. Contrive, contrive
To rouse us, Waring! Who 's alive?
Our men scarce seem in earnest now.
Distinguished names!—but 't is, somehow,
As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children. Turn our sport to earnest
With a visage of the sternest!
Bring the real times back, confessed
Still better than our very best!

II.

I.

"WHEN I last saw Waring . . ."
 (How all turned to him who spoke !
 You saw Waring? Truth or joke?
 In land-travel or sea-faring?)

II.

"We were sailing by Triest
 "Where a day or two we harboured :
 "A sunset was in the West,
 "When, looking over the vessel's side,
 "One of our company espied
 "A sudden speck to larboard.
 "And as a sea-duck flies and swims
 "At once, so came the light craft up,
 "With its sole lateen sail that trims
 "And turns (the water round its rims
 "Dancing, as round a sinking cup)
 "And by us like a fish it curled,
 "And drew itself up close beside,

" Its great sail on the instant furled,
" And o'er its thwarts a shrill voice cried,
" (A neck as bronzed as a Lascar's)
" ' Buy wine of us, you English Brig?
" ' Or fruit, tobacco and cigars?
" ' A pilot for you to Triest?
" ' Without one, look you ne'er so big,
" ' They 'll never let you up the bay!
" ' We natives should know best.'
" I turned, and 'just those fellows' way,'
" Our captain said, 'The 'long-shore thieves
" ' Are laughing at us in their sleeves.'

III.

" In truth, the boy leaned laughing back ;
" And one, half-hidden by his side
" Under the furled sail, soon I spied,
" With great grass hat and kerchief black,
" Who looked up with his kingly throat,
" Said somewhat, while the other shook
" His hair back from his eyes to look
" Their longest at us ; then the boat,
" I know not how, turned sharply round,
" Laying her whole side on the sea
" As a leaping fish does ; from the lee
" Into the weather, cut somehow

" Her sparkling path beneath our bow
 " And so went off, as with a bound,
 " Into the rosy and golden half
 " O' the sky, to overtake the sun
 " And reach the shore, like the sea-calf
 " Its singing cave ; yet I caught one
 " Glance ere away the boat quite passed,
 " And neither time nor toil could mar
 " Those features : so I saw the last
 " Of Waring !" — You ? Oh, never star
 Was lost here but it rose afar !
 Look East, where whole new thousands are !
 In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?

THE TWINS.

"Give" and "It-shall-be-given-unto-you."

I.

GRAND rough old Martin Luther
 Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouth :
 Do roses stick like burrs?

II.

A beggar asked an alms
 One day at an abbey-door,
Said Luther ; but, seized with qualms,
 The abbot replied, "We 're poor !

III.

"Poor, who had plenty once,
 " When gifts fell thick as rain :
" But they give us nought, for the nonce,
 " And how should we give again?"

IV.

Then the beggar, "See your sins !
 " Of old, unless I err,
" Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
 " Date and Dabitur.

V.

" While Date was in good case
 " Dabitur flourished too :
" For Dabitur's lenten face
 " No wonder if Date rue. '

VI.

" Would ye retrieve the one?
 " Try and make plump the other !
" When Date's penance is done,
 " Dabitur helps his brother.

VII.

" Only, beware relapse !"
 The Abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be perhaps
 An angel, Luther said.

A LIGHT WOMAN.

I.

So far as our story approaches the end,
Which do you pity the most of us three?—
My friend, or the mistress of my friend
With her wanton eyes, or me?

II.

My friend was already too good to lose,
And seemed in the way of improvement yet,
When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose
And over him drew her net.

III.

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth for a whim!

IV.

And before my friend be wholly hers,
How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
Though she snaps at a wren instead !

V.

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
And round she turned for my noble sake,
And gave me herself indeed.

VI.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.
—You look away and your lip is curled?
Patience, a moment's space !

VII.

For see, my friend goes shaking and white ;
He eyes me as the basilisk :
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,
Eclipsing his sun's disk.

VIII.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief :

“ Though I love her—that, he comprehends—

“ One should master one’s passions, (love, in chief)

“ And be loyal to one’s friends !”

IX.

And she,—she lies in my hand as tame

As a pear late basking over a wall ;

Just a touch to try and off it came ;

’T is mine,—can I let it fall ?

X.

With no mind to eat it, that ’s the worst !

Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist ?

’T was quenching a dozen blue-flies’ thirst

When I gave its stalk a twist.

XI.

And I,—what I seem to my friend, you see :

What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess :

What I seem to myself, do you ask of me ?

No hero, I confess.

XII.

'T is an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own :
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone !

XIII.

One likes to show the truth for the truth ;
That the woman was light is very true :
But suppose she says,—Never mind that youth !
What wrong have I done to you ?

XIV.

Well, any how, here the story stays,
So far at least as I understand ;
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here 's a subject made to your hand !

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

I.

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 't is so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness !
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
 Your leave for one more last ride with me.

II.

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;
• Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two

With life or death in the balance : right !
The blood replenished me again ;
My last thought was at least not vain :
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night?

III.

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once—

And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !

Thus lay she a moment on my breast

IV.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry ?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me ? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell !
Where had I been now if the worst befell ?
And here we are riding, she and I.

V.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds ?
Why, all men strive and who succeeds ?
We rode ; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought,—All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past !
I hoped she would love me ; here we ride.

VI.

What hand and brain went ever paired ?
What heart alike conceived and dared ?
What act proved all its thought had been ?
What will but felt the fleshly screen ?
We ride and I see her bosom heave.

There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing ! what atones ?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
My riding is better, by their leave.

VII.

What does it all mean, poet ? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only ; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best,
And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
'T is something, nay 't is much : but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men ?
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who never have turned a rhyme ?
Sing, riding's a joy ! For me, I ride.

VIII.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn !
You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?

What, man of music, you grown grey
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
“ Greatly his opera’s strains intend,
“ But in music we know how fashions end ! ”
I gave my youth ; but we ride, in fine.

IX.

Who knows what ’s fit for us ? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such ? Try and test !
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best ?
Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

X.

And yet—she has not spoke so long !
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life’s best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life’s flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide ?

What if we still ride on, we two
With life for ever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN;

A CHILD'S STORY.

(WRITTEN FOR, AND INSCRIBED TO, W. M. THE YOUNGER.)

I.

HAMELIN Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

6 Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
“ 'T is clear,” cried they, “our Mayor 's a noddy ;
“ And as for our Corporation—shocking
“ To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
“ For dolts that can't or won't determine
“ What 's best to rid us of our vermin !
“ You hope, because you 're old and obese,
“ To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
“ Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
“ To find the remedy we 're lacking,
“ Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing ! ”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

V.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
“ For a guilder I ’d my ermine gown sell,
“ I wish I were a mile hence !
“ It ’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain—
“ I ’m sure my poor head aches again,
“ I ’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
“ Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! ”
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
“ Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “ what ’s that ? ”
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
“ Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
“ Anything like the sound of a rat
“ Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! ”

V.

“ Come in ! ”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in ;
There was no guessing his kith and kin :
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one : “ It ’s as my great-grandsire,
“ Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
“ Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone ! ”

VI.

He advanced to the council-table :
And, “ Please your honours,” said he, “ I ’m able,
“ By means of a secret charm, to draw
“ All creatures living beneath the sun,
“ That creep or swim or fly or run,
“ After me so as you never saw !
“ And I chiefly use my charm
“ On creatures that do people harm,
“ The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
“ And people call me the Pied Piper.”

(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
“ In Tartary I freed the Cham,
“ Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
“ I eased in Asia the Nizam
“ Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats :
“ And as for what your brain bewilders,
“ If I can rid your town of rats
“ Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”
“ One ? fifty thousand ! ”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,

To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary :
Which was, “ At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
“ I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

“ And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
“ Into a cider-press’s gripe :
“ And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
“ And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
“ And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
“ And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks :
“ And it seemed as if a voice
 “ (Sweeter far than bý harp or bý psaltery
“ Is breathed) called out, ‘ Oh rats, rejoice !
 “ ‘ The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
“ ‘ So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
“ ‘ Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! ’
“ And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
“ All ready staved, like a great sun shone
“ Glorious scarce an inch before me,
“ Just as methought it said, ‘ Come, bore me ! ’
“ —I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“ Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles,
‘ Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
“ Consult with carpenters and builders,

“ And leave in our town not even a trace
“ Of the rats ! ”—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, “ First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! ”

IX.

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
“ Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
“ Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
“ We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
“ And what ’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
“ So, friend, we ’re not the folks to shrink
“ From the duty of giving you something for drink,
“ And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
“ But as for the guilders, what we spoke
“ Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
“ Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
“ A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! ”

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
" No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
" I 've promised to visit by dinnertime
" Bagdat, and accept the prime
" Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
" For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
" Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
" With him I proved no bargain-driver,
" With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver !
" And folks who put me in a passion
" May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI.

" How ? " cried the Mayor, " d 'ye think I brook
" Being worse treated than a Cook ?
" Insulted by a lazy ribald
" With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
" You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
" Blow your pipe there till you burst ! "

XII.

' Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“ He never can cross that mighty top !
“ He ’s forced to let the piping drop,
“ And we shall see our children stop ! ”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“ It ’s dull in our town since my playmates left !
“ I can’t forget that I ’m bereft
“ Of all the pleasant sights they see,
“ Which the Piper also promised me.
“ For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
“ Joining the town and just at hand,
“ Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew

“ And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
“ And everything was strange and new ;
“ The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
“ And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
“ And honey-bees had lost their stings,
“ And horses were born with eagles’ wings :
“ And just as I became assured
“ My lame foot would be speedily cured,
“ The music stopped and I stood still,
“ And found myself outside the hill,
“ Left alone against my will,
“ To go now limping as before,
“ And never hear of that country more ! ”

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher’s pate
A text which says that heaven’s gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle’s eye takes a camel in !
The mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men’s lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart’s content,
If he ’d only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,

“ And so long after what happened here

“ On the Twenty-second of July,
“ Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : ”

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say

. That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress

On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers !
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise !

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

I

YOU 'RE my friend :

I was the man the Duke spoke to ;

I helped the Duchess to cast off his yoke, too ;
So here 's the tale from beginning to end,
My friend !

II.

Ours is a great wild country :

If you climb to our castle's top,

I don't see where your eye can stop ;

For when you 've passed the cornfield country,
Where vineyards leave off, flocks are packed,
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,
And cattle-tract to open-chase,
And open-chase to the very base
Of the mountain where, at a funeral pace,
Round about, solemn and slow,
One by one, row after row,

Up and up the pine-trees go,
So, like black priests up, and so
Down the other side again

To another greater, wilder country,
That 's one vast red drear burnt-up plain,
Branched through and through with many a vein
Whence iron 's dug, and copper 's dealt ;

Look right, look left, look straight before,—
Beneath they mine, above they smelt,

Copper-ore and iron-ore,
And forge and furnace mould and melt,

And so on, more and ever more,
Till at the last, for a bounding belt,

Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore,
—And the whole is our Duke's country.

III.

I was born the day this present Duke was—

(And O, says the song, ere I was old !)

In the castle where the other Duke was—

(When I was happy and young, not old !)

I in the kennel, he in the bower :

We are of like age to an hour.

My father was huntsman in that day ;

Who has not heard my father say

That, when a boar was brought to bay,

Three times, four times out of five,
With his huntspear he 'd contrive
To get the killing-place transfixed,
And pin him true, both eyes betwixt ?
And that 's why the old Duke would rather
He lost a salt-pit than my father,
And loved to have him ever in call ;
That 's why my father stood in the hall
When the old Duke brought his infant out
 To show the people, and while they passed
The wondrous bantling round about,
 Was first to start at the outside blast
As the Kaiser's courier blew his horn
Just a month after the babe was born.
" And," quoth the Kaiser's courier, " since
" The Duke has got an heir, our Prince
 " Needs the Duke's self at his side : "
The Duke looked down and seemed to wince,
 But he thought of wars o'er the world wide,
Castles a-fire, men on their march,
The toppling tower, the crashing arch ;
 And up he looked, and awhile he eyed
The row of crests and shields and banners
Of all achievements after all manners,
 And " ay," said the Duke with a surly pride.
The more was his comfort when he died

At next year's end, in a velvet suit,
With a gilt glove on his hand, his foot
In a silken shoe for a leather boot,
Petticoated like a herald,
In a chamber next to an ante-room,
Where he breathed the breath of page and groom,
What he called stink, and they, perfume :
—They should have set him on red Berold
Mad with pride, like fire to manage !
They should have got his cheek fresh tannage
Such a day as to-day in the merry sunshine !
Had they stuck on his fist a rough-foot merlin !
(Hark, the wind 's on the heath at its game !
Oh for a noble falcon-lanner
To flap each broad wing like a banner,
And turn in the wind, and dance like flame !)
Had they broached a white-beer cask from Berlin
—Or if you incline to prescribe mere wine
Put to his lips, when they saw him pine,
A cup of our own Moldavia fine,
Cotnar for instance, green as May sorrel
And ropy with sweet,—we shall not quarrel.

IV.

So, at home, the sick tall yellow Duchess
Was left with the infant in her clutches,

She being the daughter of God knows who :
And now was the time to revisit her tribe.
Abroad and afar they went, the two,
And let our people rail and gibe
At the empty hall and extinguished fire,
As loud as we liked, but ever in vain,
Till after long years we had our desire,
And back came the Duke and his mother again.

V.

And he came back the pertest little ape
That ever affronted human shape ;
Full of his travel, struck at himself.
You 'd say, he despised our bluff old ways ?
—Not he ! For in Paris they told the elf
Our rough North land was the Land of Lays,
The one good thing left in evil days ;
Since the Mid-Age was the Heroic Time,
And only in wild nooks like ours
Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,
And see true castles, with proper towers,
Young-hearted women, old-minded men,
And manners now as manners were then.
So, all that the old Dukes had been, without knowing it,
This Duke would fain know he was, without being it ;

'T was not for the joy's self, but the joy of his showing it,
Nor for the pride's self, but the pride of our seeing it,
He revived all usages thoroughly worn-out,
The souls of them fumed-forth, the hearts of them
torn-out :

And chief in the chase his neck he perilled
On a lathy horse, all legs and length,
With blood for bone, all speed, no strength ;
—They should have set him on red Berold
With the red eye slow consuming in fire,
And the thin stiff ear like an abbey-spire !

VI.

Well, such as he was, he must marry, we heard :
And out of a convent, at the word,
Came the lady, in time of spring.
—Oh, old thoughts they cling, they cling !
That day, I know, with a dozen oaths
I clad myself in thick hunting-clothes
Fit for the chase of urochs or buffle
In winter-time when you need to muffle.
But the Duke had a mind we should cut a figure,
And so we saw the lady arrive :
My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger !
She was the smallest lady alive,

Made in a piece of nature's madness,
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That over-filled her, as some hive
Out of the bears' reach on the high trees
Is crowded with its safe merry bees :
In truth, she was not hard to please !
Up she looked, down she looked, round at the mead,
Straight at the castle, that 's best indeed
To look at from outside the walls :
As for us, styled the "serfs and thralls,"
She as much thanked me as if she had said it,
(With her eyes, do you understand ?)
Because I patted her horse while I led it ;
And Max, who rode on her other hand,
Said, no bird flew past but she inquired
What its true name was, nor ever seemed tired—
If that was an eagle she saw hover,
And the green and grey bird on the field was the plover.
When suddenly appeared the Duke :
And as down she sprung, the small foot pointed
On to my hand,—as with a rebuke,
And as if his backbone were not jointed,
The Duke stepped rather aside than forward,
And welcomed her with his grandest smile ;
And, mind you, his mother all the while
Chilled in the rear, like a wind to Nor'ward ;

And up, like a weary yawn, with its pullies
Went, in a shriek, the rusty portcullis ;
And, like a glad sky the north-wind sullies,
The lady's face stopped its play,
As if her first hair had grown grey ;
For such things must begin some one day.

VII.

In a day or two she was well again ;
As who should say, " You labour in vain !
" This is all a jest against God, who meant
" I should ever be, as I am, content
" And glad in his sight ; therefore, glad I will be."
So, smiling as at first went she.

VIII.

She was active, stirring, all fire—
Could not rest, could not tire—
To a stone she might have given life !
 (I myself loved once, in my day)
—For a shepherd's, miner's, huntsman's wife,
 (I had a wife, I know what I say)
Never in all the world such an one !
And here was plenty to be done,
And she that could do it, great or small,

She was to do nothing at all.

There was already this man in his post,

 This in his station, and that in his office,

And the Duke's plan admitted a wife, at most,

 To meet his eye, with the other trophies,

Now outside the hall, now in it,

 To sit thus, stand thus, see and be seen,

At the proper place in the proper minute,

 And die away the life between.

And it was amusing enough, each infraction

 Of rule—(but for after-sadness that came)

To hear the consummate self-satisfaction

 With which the young Duke and the old dame

Would let her advise, and criticise,

And, being a fool, instruct the wise,

 And, child-like, parcel out praise or blame :

They bore it all in complacent guise,

As though an artificer, after contriving

A wheel-work image as if it were living,

Should find with delight it could motion to strike
 him !

So found the Duke, and his mother like him :

The lady hardly got a rebuff—

That had not been contemptuous enough,

With his cursed smirk, as he nodded applause,

And kept off the old mother-cat's claws.

IX.

So, the little lady grew silent and thin,

Paling and ever paling,

As the way is with a hid chagrin ;

And the Duke perceived that she was ailing,

And said in his heart, "'Tis done to spite me,

" But I shall find in my power to right me ! "

Don't swear, friend ! The old one, many a year,

Is in hell, and the Duke's self . . . you shall hear.

X.

Well, early in autumn, at first winter-warning,

When the stag had to break with his foot, of a morning,

A drinking-hole out of the fresh tender ice

That covered the pond till the sun, in a trice,

Loosening it, let out a ripple of gold,

And another and another, and faster and faster,

Till, dimpling to blindness, the wide water rolled :

Then it so chanced that the Duke our master

Asked himself what were the pleasures in season,

And found, since the calendar bade him be hearty,

He should do the Middle Age no treason

In resolving on a hunting-party.

Always provided, old books showed the way of it !

What meant old poets by their strictures?

And when old poets had said their say of it,

How taught old painters in their pictures?

We must revert to the proper channels,

Workings in tapestry, paintings on panels,

And gather up woodcraft's authentic traditions :

Here was food for our various ambitions,

As on each case, exactly stated—

To encourage your dog, now, the properest chirrup,

Or best prayer to Saint Hubert on mounting your
stirrup—

We of the household took thought and debated.

Blessed was he whose back ached with the jerkin

His sire was wont to do forest-work in ;

Blesseder he who nobly sunk “ohs”

And “ahs” while he tugged on his grandsire's trunk-
hose ;

What signified hats if they had no rims on,

Each slouching before and behind like the scallop,

And able to serve at sea for a shallop,

Loaded with lacquer and looped with crimson?

So that the deer now, to make a short rhyme on 't,

What with our Venerers, Prickers and Verderers,

Might hope for real hunters at length and not murderers,

And oh the Duke's tailor, he had a hot time on 't !

XI.

Now you must know that when the first dizziness
Of flap-hats and buff-coats and jack-boots subsided,
The Duke put this question, "The Duke's part provided,
"Had not the Duchess some share in the business?"
For out of the mouth of two or three witnesses
Did he establish all fit-or-unfitnesses :
And, after much laying of heads together,
Somebody's cap got a notable feather
By the announcement with proper unction
That he had discovered the lady's function ;
Since ancient authors gave this tenet,
"When horns wind a mort and the deer is at siege,
"Let the dame of the castle prick forth on her jennet,
"And, with water to wash the hands of her liege
"In a clean ewer with a fair toweling,
"Let her preside at the disemboweling."
Now, my friend, if you had so little religion
As to catch a hawk, some falcon-lanner,
And thrust her broad wings like a banner
Into a coop for a vulgar pigeon ;
And if day by day and week by week
You cut her claws, and sealed her eyes,
And clipped her wings, and tied her beak,
Would it cause you any great surprise

If, when you decided to give her an airing,
You found she needed a little preparing?
—I say, should you be such a curmudgeon,
If she clung to the perch, as to take it in dudgeon?
Yet when the Duke to his lady signified,
Just a day before, as he judged most dignified,
In what a pleasure she was to participate,—
 And, instead of leaping wide in flashes,
 Her eyes just lifted their long lashes,
As if pressed by fatigue even he could not dissipate,
And duly acknowledged the Duke's forethought,
But spoke of her health, if her health were worth aught,
Of the weight by day and the watch by night,
And much wrong now that used to be right,
So, thanking him, declined the hunting,—
Was conduct ever more affronting?
With all the ceremony settled—
 With the towel ready, and the sewer
 Polishing up his oldest ewer,
 And the jennet pitched upon, a piebald,
 Black-barred, cream-coated and pink eye-balled,—
No wonder if the Duke was nettled!
And when she persisted nevertheless,—
Well, I suppose here 's the time to confess
That there ran half round our lady's chamber
A balcony none of the hardest to clamber;

And that Jacynth the tire-woman, ready in waiting,
Stayed in call outside, what need of relating ?
And since Jacynth was like a June rose, why, a fervent
Adorer of Jacynth of course was your servant ;
And if she had the habit to peep through the casement,
How could I keep at any vast distance ?

And so, as I say, on the lady's persistence,
The Duke, dumb-stricken with amazement,
Stood for a while in a sultry smother,

And then, with a smile that partook of the awful,
Turned her over to his yellow mother

To learn what was held decorous and lawful ;
And the mother smelt blood with a cat-like instinct,
As her cheek quick whitened thro' all its quince-tinct.
Oh, but the lady heard the whole truth at once !

What meant she?—Who was she?—Her duty and
station,

The wisdom of age and the folly of youth, at once,

Its decent regard and its fitting relation—
In brief, my friend, set all the devils in hell free
And turn them out to carouse in a belfry
And treat the priests to a fifty-part canon,
And then you may guess how that tongue of hers ran on !
Well, somehow or other it ended at last
And, licking her whiskers, out she passed ;
And after her,—making (he hoped) a face

Like Emperor Nero or Sultan Saladin,
Stalked the Duke's self with the austere grace
Of ancient hero or modern paladin,
From door to staircase—oh such a solemn
Unbending of the vertebral column !

XII.

However, at sunrise our company mustered ;
And here was the huntsman bidding unkennel,
And there 'neath his bonnet the pricker blustered,
With feather dank as a bough of wet fennel ;
For the court-yard walls were filled with fog
You might have cut as an axe chops a log—
Like so much wool for colour and bulkiness ;
And out rode the Duke in a perfect sulkiness,
Since, before breakfast, a man feels but queasily,
And a sinking at the lower abdomen
Begins the day with indifferent omen.
And lo, as he looked around uneasily,
The sun ploughed the fog up and drove it asunder
This way and that from the valley under ;
And, looking through the court-yard arch,
Down in the valley, what should meet him
• But a troop of Gipsies on their march?
No doubt with the annual gifts to greet him.

XIII.

Now, in your land, Gipsies reach you, only
After reaching all lands beside ;
North they go, South they go, trooping or lonely,
And still, as they travel far and wide,
Catch they and keep now a trace here, a trace there,
That puts you in mind of a place here, a place there.
But with us, I believe they rise out of the ground,
And nowhere else, I take it, are found
With the earth-tint yet so freshly embrowned :
Born, no doubt, like insects which breed on
The very fruit they are meant to feed on.
For the earth—not a use to which they don't turn it,
The ore that grows in the mountain's womb,
Or the sand in the pits like a honeycomb,
They sift and soften it, bake it and burn it—
Whether they weld you, for instance, a snaffle
With side-bars never a brute can baffle ;
Or a lock that 's a puzzle of wards within wards ;
Or, if your colt's fore-foot inclines to curve inwards,
Horseshoes they hammer which turn on a swivel
And won't allow the hoof to shrivel.
Then they cast bells like the shell of the winkle
That keep a stout heart in the ram with their tinkle ;

But the sand—they pinch and pound it like otters ;
Commend me to Gipsy glass-makers and potters !
Glasses they 'll blow you, crystal-clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
As if in pure water you dropped and let die
A bruised black-blooded mulberry ;
And that other sort, their crowning pride,
With long white threads distinct inside,
Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots which dangle
Loose such a length and never tangle,
Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
And the cup-lily couches with all the white daughters :
Such are the works they put their hand to,
The uses they turn and twist iron and sand to.
And these made the troop, which our Duke saw sally
Toward his castle from out of the valley,
Men and women, like new-hatched spiders,
Come out with the morning to greet our riders.
And up they wound till they reached the ditch,
Whereat all stopped save one, a witch
That I knew, as she hobbled from the group,
By her gait directly and her stoop,
I, whom Jacynth was used to importune
To let that same witch tell us our fortune.
The oldest Gipsy then above ground ;
And, sure as the autumn season came round,

She paid us a visit for profit or pastime,
And every time, as she swore, for the last time.
And presently she was seen to sidle
Up to the Duke till she touched his bridle,
So that the horse of a sudden reared up
As under its nose the old witch peered up
With her worn-out eyes, or rather eye-holes
 Of no use now but to gather brine,
 And began a kind of level whine
Such as they used to sing to their viols
When their ditties they go grinding
Up and down with nobody minding :
And then, as of old, at the end of the humming
Her usual presents were forthcoming
—A dog-whistle blowing the fiercest of trebles,
(Just a sea-shore stone holding a dozen fine pebbles,)
Or a porcelain mouth-piece to screw on a pipe-
 end,—
And so she awaited her annual stipend.
But this time, the Duke would scarcely vouchsafe
 A word in reply ; and in vain she felt
 With twitching fingers at her belt
 For the purse of sleek pine-martin pelt,
Ready to put what he gave in her pouch safe,—
Till, either to quicken his apprehension,
Or possibly with an after-intention,

She was come, she said, to pay her duty
To the new Duchess, the youthful beauty.
No sooner had she named his lady,
Than a shine lit up the face so shady,
And its smirk returned with a novel meaning—
For it struck him, the babe just wanted weaning ;
If one gave her a taste of what life was and sorrow,
She, foolish to-day, would be wiser to-morrow ;
And who so fit a teacher of trouble
As this sordid crone bent well-nigh double?
So, glancing at her wolf-skin vesture,
 (If such it was, for they grow so hirsute
 That their own fleece serves for natural fur-suit)
He was contrasting, 't was plain from his gesture,
The life of the lady so flower-like and delicate
With the loathsome squalor of this helicat.
I, in brief, was the man the Duke beckoned
 From out of the throng, and while I drew near
He told the crone—as I since have reckoned
 By the way he bent and spoke into her ear
With circumspection and mystery—
The main of the lady's history,
Her frowardness and ingratitude :
And for all the crone's submissive attitude
I could see round her mouth the loose plaits tightening,
And her brow with assenting intelligence brightening,

As though she engaged with hearty goodwill
Whatever he now might enjoin to fulfil,
And promised the lady a thorough frightening.
And so, just giving her a glimpse
Of a purse, with the air of a man who imp
The wing of the hawk that shall fetch the hernshaw,
He bade me take the Gipsy mother
And set her telling some story or other
Of hill or dale, oak-wood or fernshaw,
To wile away a weary hour
For the lady left alone in her bower,
Whose mind and body craved exertion
And yet shrank from all better diversion.

XIV.

Then clapping heel to his horse, the mere curveter,
Out rode the Duke, and after his hollo
Horses and hounds swept, huntsman and servitor,
And back I turned and bade the crone follow.
And what makes me confident what's to be told you
Had all along been of this crone's devising,
Is, that, on looking round sharply, behold you,
There was a novelty quick as surprising :
For first, she had shot up a full head in stature,
And her step kept pace with mine nor faltered,
As if age had foregone its usurpature,

And the ignoble mien was wholly altered,
And the face looked quite of another nature,
And the change reached too, whatever the change meant,
Her shaggy wolf-skin cloak's arrangement :
For where its tatters hung loose like sedges,
Gold coins were glittering on the edges,
Like the band-roll strung with tomans
Which proves the veil a Persian woman's :
And under her brow, like a snail's horns newly
Come out as after the rain he paces,
Two unmistakeable eye-points duly
Live and aware looked out of their places.
So, we went and found Jacynth at the entry
Of the lady's chamber standing sentry ;
I told the command and produced my companion,
And Jacynth rejoiced to admit any one,
For since last night, by the same token,
Not a single word had the lady spoken :
They went in both to the presence together,
While I in the balcony watched the weather.

XV.

And now, what took place at the very first of all,
I cannot tell, as I never could learn it :
Jacynth constantly wished a curse to fall
On that little head of hers and burn it

If she knew how she came to drop so soundly
Asleep of a sudden and there continue
The whole time sleeping as profoundly
As one of the boars my father would pin you
'Twixt the eyes where life holds garrison,
—Jacynth forgive me the comparison!
But where I begin my own narration
Is a little after I took my station
To breathe the fresh air from the balcony,
And, having in those days a falcon eye,
To follow the hunt thro' the open country,
From where the bushes thinlier crested
The hillocks, to a plain where 's not one tree.
When, in a moment, my ear was arrested
By—was it singing, or was it saying,
Or a strange musical instrument playing
In the chamber?—and to be certain
I pushed the lattice, pulled the curtain,
And there lay Jacynth asleep,
Yet as if a watch she tried to keep,
In a rosy sleep along the floor
With her head against the door;
While in the midst, on the seat of state,
Was a queen—the Gipsy woman late,
With head and face downbent
On the lady's head and face intent:

For, coiled at her feet like a child at ease,
The lady sat between her knees
And o'er them the lady's clasped hands met,
And on those hands her chin was set,
And her upturned face met the face of the crone
Wherein the eyes had grown and grown
As if she could double and quadruple
At pleasure the play of either pupil

—Very like, by her hands' slow fanning,
As up and down like a gor-crow's flappers
They moved to measure, or bell-clappers.

I said "Is it blessing, is it banning,
"Do they applaud you or burlesque you—

"Those hands and fingers with no flesh on?"
But, just as I thought to spring in to the rescue,
At once I was stopped by the lady's expression :
For it was life her eyes were drinking
From the crone's wide pair above unwinking,
—Life's pure fire received without shrinking,
Into the heart and breast whose heaving
Told you no single drop they were leaving,
—Life, that filling her, passed redundant
Into her very hair, back swerving
Over each shoulder, loose and abundant,
. As her head thrown back showed the white throat
curving ;

And the very tresses shared in the pleasure,
Moving to the mystic measure,
Bounding as the bosom bounded.
I stopped short, more and more confounded,
As still her cheeks burned and eyes glistened,
As she listened and she listened :
When all at once a hand detained me,
The selfsame contagion gained me,
And I kept time to the wondrous chime,
Making out words and prose and rhyme,
Till it seemed that the music furled
 Its wings like a task fulfilled, and dropped
 From under the words it first had propped,
And left them midway in the world :
Word took word as hand takes hand,
I could hear at last, and understand,
And when I held the unbroken thread,
The Gipsy said :—

“ And so at last we find my tribe.

“ And so I set thee in the midst,

“ And to one and all of them describe

“ What thou saidst and what thou didst,

“ Our long and terrible journey through,

“ And all thou art ready to say and do

“ In the trials that remain :

“ I trace them the vein and the other vein
“ That meet on thy brow and part again,
“ Making our rapid mystic mark ;
 “ And I bid my people prove and probe
 “ Each eye’s profound and glorious globe
“ Till they detect the kindred spark
“ In those depths so dear and dark,
“ Like the spots that snap and burst and flee,
“ Circling over the midnight sea.
“ And on that round young cheek of thine
 “ I make them recognize the tinge,
“ As when of the costly scarlet wine
 “ They drip so much as will impinge
“ And spread in a thinnest scale afloat
“ One thick gold drop from the olive’s coat
“ Over a silver plate whose sheen
“ Still thro’ the mixture shall be seen.
“ For so I prove thee, to one and all,
 “ Fit, when my people ope their breast,
“ To see the sign, and hear the call,
 “ And take the vow, and stand the test
 “ Which adds one more child to the rest—
“ When the breast is bare and the arms are wide,
“ And the world is left outside.
“ For there is probation to decree,
“ And many and long must the trials be

- “Thou shalt victoriously endure,
“If that brow is true and those eyes are sure ;
“Like a jewel-finder’s fierce assay
 “Of the prize he dug from its mountain-tomb—
“Let once the vindicating ray
 “Leap out amid the anxious gloom,
“And steel and fire have done their part
“And the prize falls on its finder’s heart ;
“So, trial after trial past,
“Wilt thou fall at the very last
“Breathless, half in trance
“With the thrill of the great deliverance,
 “Into our arms for evermore ;
“And thou shalt know, those arms once curled
 “About thee, what we knew before,
“How love is the only good in the world.
“Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
“Or brain devise, or hand approve !
“Stand up, look below,
“It is our life at thy feet we throw
“To step with into light and joy ;
“Not a power of life but we employ
“To satisfy thy nature’s want ;
“Art thou the tree that props the plant,
“Or the climbing plant that seeks the tree—
“Canst thou help us, must we help thee?

“ If any two creatures grew into one,
“ They would do more than the world has done :
“ Though each apart were never so weak,
“ Ye vainly through the world should seek
“ For the knowledge and the might
“ Which in such union grew their right :
“ So, to approach at least that end,
“ And blend,—as much as may be, blend
“ Thee with us or us with thee,—
“ As climbing plant or propping tree,
“ Shall some one deck thee, over and down
 “ Up and about, with blossoms and leaves ?
“ Fix his heart’s fruit for thy garland-crown,
 “ Cling with his soul as the gourd-vine cleaves,
“ Die on thy boughs and disappear
“ While not a leaf of thine is sere ?
“ Or is the other fate in store,
“ And art thou fitted to adore,
“ To give thy wondrous self away,
“ And take a stronger nature’s sway ?
“ I foresee and could foretell
“ Thy future portion, sure and well :
“ But those passionate eyes speak true, speak true,
“ Let them say what thou shalt do !
“ Only be sure thy daily life,
“ In its peace or in its strife,

- “Never shall be unobserved ;
“We pursue thy whole career,
“And hope for it, or doubt, or fear,—
“Lo, hast thou kept thy path or swerved,
“We are beside thee in all thy ways,
“With our blame, with our praise,
“Our shame to feel, our pride to show,
“Glad, angry—but indifferent, no !
“Whether it be thy lot to go,
“For the good of us all, where the haters
 meet
“In the crowded city’s horrible street ;
“Or thou step alone through the morass
“Where never sound yet was
“Save the dry quick clap of the stork’s bill,
“For the air is still, and the water still,
“When the blue breast of the dipping coot
“Dives under, and all is mute.
“So, at the last shall come old age,
“Decrepit as befits that stage ;
“How else wouldst thou retire apart
“With the hoarded memories of thy heart,
“And gather all to the very least
“Of the fragments of life’s earlier feast,
“Let fall through eagerness to find
“The crowning dainties yet behind ?

“ Ponder on the entire past
“ Laid together thus at last,
“ When the twilight helps to fuse
“ The first fresh with the faded hues,
“ And the outline of the whole,
“ As round eve’s shades their framework roll,
“ Grandly fronts for once thy soul.
“ And then as, ’mid the dark, a gleam
 “ Of yet another morning breaks,
“ And like the hand which ends a dream,
“ Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
 “ Touches the flesh and the soul awakes,
“ Then——”

 Ay, then indeed something would happen !
 But what ? For here her voice changed like a bird’s ;
 There grew more of the music and less of the words ;
Had Jacynth only been by me to clap pen
To paper and put you down every syllable
 With those clever clerkly fingers,
 All I ’ve forgotten as well as what lingers
In this old brain of mine that ’s but ill able
To give you even this poor version
 Of the speech I spoil, as it were, with stammering
 —More fault of those who had the hammering
 Of prosody into me and syntax,
And did it, not with hobnails but tintacks !

But to return from this excursion,—

Just, do you mark, when the song was sweetest,
The peace most deep and the charm completest,
There came, shall I say, a snap—

And the charm vanished !

And my sense returned, so strangely banished,
And, starting as from a nap,

I knew the crone was bewitching my lady,
With Jacynth asleep ; and but one spring made I
Down from the casement, round to the portal,

Another minute and I had entered,—

When the door opened, and more than mortal

Stood, with a face where to my mind centred
All beauties I ever saw or shall see,

The Duchess : I stopped as if struck by palsy.

She was so different, happy and beautiful,

I felt at once that all was best,

And that I had nothing to do, for the rest,

But wait her commands, obey and be dutiful.

Not that, in fact, there was any commanding ;

I saw the glory of her eye,

And the brow's height and the breast's expanding,

And I was hers to live or to die.

As for finding what she wanted,

You know God Almighty granted

Such little signs should serve wild creatures

To tell one another all their desires,
So that each knows what his friend requires,
And does its bidding without teachers.
I preceded her ; the crone
Followed silent and alone ;
I spoke to her, but she merely jabbered
In the old style ; both her eyes had slunk
Back to their pits ; her stature shrunk ;
In short, the soul in its body sunk
Like a blade sent home to its scabbard.
We descended, I preceding ;
Crossed the court with nobody heeding ;
All the world was at the chase,
The courtyard like a desert place,
The stable emptied of its small fry ;
I saddled myself the very palfrey
I remember patting while it carried her,
The day she arrived and the Duke married her.
And, do you know, though it's easy deceiving
Oneself in such matters, I can't help believing
The lady had not forgotten it either,
And knew the poor devil so much beneath her
Would have been only too glad for her service
To dance on hot ploughshares like a Turk dervise,
But, unable to pay proper duty where owing it,
• Was reduced to that pitiful method of showing it :

For though the moment I began setting
His saddle on my own nag of Berold's begetting,
(Not that I meant to be obtrusive)

She stopped me, while his rug was shifting,
By a single rapid finger's lifting,
And, with a gesture kind but conclusive,
And a little shake of the head, refused me,—
I say, although she never used me,
Yet when she was mounted, the Gipsy behind her,
And I ventured to remind her,
I suppose with a voice of less steadiness

Than usual, for my feeling exceeded me,
—Something to the effect that I was in readiness
Whenever God should please she needed me,—
Then, do you know, her face looked down on me
With a look that placed a crown on me,
And she felt in her bosom,—mark, her bosom—
And, as a flower-tree drops its blossom,
Dropped me . . . ah, had it been a purse
Of silver, my friend, or gold that's worse,
Why, you see, as soon as I found myself

So understood,—that a true heart so may gain
Such a reward,—I should have gone home again,
Kissed Jacynth, and soberly drowned myself!
It was a little plait of hair

Such as friends in a convent make

To wear, each for the other's sake,—
This, see, which at my breast I wear,
Ever did (rather to Jacynth's grudgment),
And ever shall, till the Day of Judgment.
And then,—and then,—to cut short,—this is idle,
These are feelings it is not good to foster,—
I pushed the gate wide, she shook the bridle,
And the palfrey bounded,—and so we lost her.

XVI.

When the liquor's out why clink the cannikin?
I did think to describe you the panic in
The redoubtable breast of our master the mannikin,
And what was the pitch of his mother's yellowness,
How she turned as a shark to snap the spare-rib
Clean off, sailors say, from a pearl-diving Carib,
When she heard, what she called the flight of the feloness
—But it seems such child's play,
What they said and did with the lady away!
And to dance on, when we've lost the music,
Always made me—and no doubt makes you—sick.
Nay, to my mind, the world's face looked so stern
As that sweet form disappeared through the postern,
She that kept it in constant good humour,
It ought to have stopped; there seemed nothing to do
more.

But the world thought otherwise and went on,
And my head's one that its spite was spent on :
Thirty years are fled since that morning,
And with them all my head's adorning.
Nor did the old Duchess die outright,
As you expect, of suppressed spite,
The natural end of every adder
Not suffered to empty its poison-bladder :
But she and her son agreed, I take it,
That no one should touch on the story to wake it,
For the wound in the Duke's pride rankled fiery,
So, they made no search and small inquiry—
And when fresh Gipsies have paid us a visit, I've
Noticed the couple were never inquisitive,
But told them they're folks the Duke don't want here,
And bade them make haste and cross the frontier.
Brief, the Duchess was gone and the Duke was glad
of it,

And the old one was in the young one's stead,
And took, in her place, the household's head,
And a blessed time the household had of it !
And were I not, as a man may say, cautious
How I trench, more than needs, on the nauseous,
I could favour you with sundry touches
Of the paint-smutches with which the Duchess
Heightened the mellowness of her cheek's yellowness

(To get on faster) until at last her
Cheek grew to be one master-plaster
Of mucus and fucus from mere use of ceruse:
In short, she grew from scalp to udder
Just the object to make you shudder.

XVII.

You're my friend—

What a thing friendship is, world without end !

How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up

As if somebody broached you a glorious runlet,

And poured out, all lovelily, sparkingly, sunlit,

Our green Moldavia, the streaky syrup,

Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids—

Friendship may match with that monarch of fluids ;

Each supplies a dry brain, fills you its ins-and-outs,

Gives your life's hour-glass a shake when the thin sand
doubts

Whether to run on or stop short, and guarantees

Age is not all made of stark sloth and arrant ease.

I have seen my little lady once more,

Jacynth, the Gipsy, Berold, and the rest of it,

For to me spoke the Duke, as I told you before ;

I always wanted to make a clean breast of it :

And now it is made—why, my heart's blood, that went
trickle,

Trickle, but anon, in such muddy driblets,
Is pumped up brisk now, through the main ventricle,
And genially floats me about the giblets.
I'll tell you what I intend to do :
I must see this fellow his sad life through—
He is our Duke, after all,
And I, as he says, but a serf and thrall.
My father was born here, and I inherit
His fame, a chain he bound his son with ;
Could I pay in a lump I should prefer it,
But there's no mine to blow up and get done with :
So, I must stay till the end of the chapter.
For, as to our middle-age-manners-adapter,
Be it a thing to be glad on or sorry on,
Some day or other, his head in a morion
And breast in a hauberk, his heels he'll kick up,
Slain by an onslaught fierce of hiccup.
And then, when red doth the sword of our Duke rust,
And its leathern sheath lie o'ergrown with a blue crust,
Then I shall scrape together my earnings ;
For, you see, in the churchyard Jacynth reposes,
And our children all went the way of the roses :
It's a long lane that knows no turnings.
One needs but little tackle to travel in ;
So, just one stout cloak shall I indue :
And for a staff, what beats the javelin

With which his boars my father pinned you?
And then, for a purpose you shall hear presently,
Taking some Cotnar, a tight plump skinful,
I shall go journeying, who but I, pleasantly!
Sorrow is vain and despondency sinful.
What's a man's age? He must hurry more, that's all;
Cram in a day, what his youth took a year to hold:
When we mind labour, then only, we're too old—
What age had Methusalem when he begat Saul?
And at last, as its haven some buffeted ship sees,
(Come all the way from the north-parts with sperm oil)
I hope to get safely out of the turmoil
And arrive one day at the land of the Gipsies,
And find my lady, or hear the last news of her
From some old thief and son of Lucifer,
His forehead chapleted green with wreathy hop,
Sunburned all over like an Æthiop.
And when my Cotnar begins to operate
And the tongue of the rogue to run at a proper rate,
And our wine-skin, tight once, shows each flaccid dent,
I shall drop in with—as if by accident—
“You never knew, then, how it all ended,
“What fortune good or bad attended
“The little lady your Queen befriended?”
—And when that's told me, what's remaining?
This world's too hard for my explaining.

The same wise judge of matters equine
Who still preferred some slim four-year-old
To the big-boned stock of mighty Berold,
And, for strong Cotnar, drank French weak wine,
He also must be such a lady's scorner !
Smooth Jacob still robs homely Esau :
Now up, now down, the world 's one see-saw.
—So, I shall find out some snug corner
Under a hedge, like Orson the wood-knight,
Turn myself round and bid the world good night ;
And sleep a sound sleep till the trumpet's blowing
Wakes me (unless priests cheat us laymen)
To a world where will be no further throwing
Pearls before swine that can't value them. Amen !

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL,

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE.

LET us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow :
Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row !
That 's the appropriate country ; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citted to the top,
Crowded with culture !
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
Clouds overcome it ;

No ! yonder sparkle is the citadel's

Circling its summit.

Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights :

Wait ye the warning ?

Our low life was the level's and the night's ;

He 's for the morning.

Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,

'Ware the beholders !

This is our master, famous calm and dead,

Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,

Safe from the weather !

He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,

Singing together,

He was a man born with thy face and throat,

Lyric Apollo !

Long he lived nameless : how should spring take note

Winter would follow ?

Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone !

Cramped and diminished,

Moaned he, " New measures, other feet anon !

" My dance is finished ? "

No, that 's the world's way : (keep the mountain-side,

Make for the city !)

He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
Over men's pity ;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
Bent on escaping :
"What 's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled?
"Show me their shaping,
"Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
"Give!"—So, he gowned him,
Straight got by heart that book to its last page :
Learned, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
Accents uncertain :
"Time to taste life," another would have said,
"Up with the curtain !"
This man said rather, "Actual life comes next ?
"Patience a moment !
"Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
"Still there 's the comment.
"Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
"Painful or easy !
"Even to the crumbs I 'd fain eat up the feast,
"Ay, nor feel queasy."
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give !
Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts—

Fancy the fabric

Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,

Ere mortar dab brick !

(Here 's the town-gate reached : there 's the market-place

Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace

(Hearten our chorus !)

That before living he 'd learn how to live—

No end to learning :

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say, " But time escapes :

" Live now or never ! "

He said, " What 's time ? Leave Now for dogs and

apes !

" Man has Forever. "

Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head :

Calculus racked him :

Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead :

Tussis attacked him.

" Now, master, take a little rest ! "—not he !

(Caution redoubled,

Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly !)

Not a whit troubled

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
Sucked at the flagon.
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain !
Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen)—
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen ?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant ?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure :
“ Wilt thou trust death or not ? ” He answered “ Yes :
“ Hence with life's pale lure ! ”
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it :
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred 's soon hit :

This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the
 next,
 Let the world mind him !
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.
So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar ;
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife :
 While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be !—
 Properly based *Oun*—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
Well, here 's the platform, here 's the proper place :
 Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews !
Here 's the top-peak ; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there :
This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there ?
Here—here 's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds
 form,
 Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go ! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send !
Lofty designs must close in like effects :
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

THE HERETIC'S TRAGEDY.

A MIDDLE-AGE INTERLUDE.

ROSA MUNDI; SEU, FULCITE ME FLORIBUS. A CONCEIT OF MASTER GYSBRECHT, CANON-REGULAR OF SAINT JODOCUS-BY-THE-BAR, YPRES CITY. CANTUQUE, *Virgilius*. AND HATH OFTEN BEEN SUNG AT HOCK-TIDE AND FESTIVALS. GAVISUS ERAM, *Jessides*.

(It would seem to be a glimpse from the burning of Jacques du Bourg Molay, at Paris, A.D. 1314; as distorted by the refraction from Flemish brain to brain, during the course of a couple of centuries.)

I.

PREADMONISHETH THE ABBOT DEODAET.

THE Lord, we look to once for all,

Is the Lord we should look at, all at once:

He knows not to vary, saith Saint Paul,

Nor the shadow of turning, for the nonce.

See him no other than as he is!

Give both the infinitudes their due—

Infinite mercy, but, I wis,

As infinite a justice too.

[*Organ: plagal-cadence.*

As infinite a justice too.

II.

ONE SINGETH.

John, Master of the Temple of God,
Falling to sin the Unknown Sin,
What he bought of Emperor Aldabrod,
He sold it to Sultan Saladin :
Till, caught by Pope Clement, a-buzzing there,
Hornet-prince of the mad wasps' hive,
And clipt of his wings in Paris square,
They bring him now to be burned alive.
[*And wanteth there grace of lute or clavicithern,
ye shall say to confirm him who singeth—*
We bring John now to be burned alive.

III.

In the midst is a goodly gallows built ;
'Twixt fork and fork, a stake is stuck ;
But first they set divers tumbrils a-tilt,
Make a trench all round with the city muck ;
Inside they pile log upon log, good store ;
Faggots no few, blocks great and small,
Reach a man's mid-thigh, no less, no more,—
For they mean he should roast in the sight of all.

CHORUS.

, We mean he should roast in the sight of all.

IV.

Good sappy bavins that kindle forthwith ;
 Billets that blaze substantial and slow ;
Pine-stump split deftly, dry as pith ;
 Larch-heart that chars to a chalk-white glow :
Then up they hoist me John in a chafe,
 Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,
Spit in his face, then leap back safe,
 Sing " Laudes " and bid clap-to the torch.

CHORUS.

Laus Deo—who bids clap-to the torch.

V.

John of the Temple, whose fame so bragged,
 Is burning alive in Paris square !
How can he curse, if his mouth is gagged?
 Or wriggle his neck, with a collar there?
Or heave his chest, which a band goes round?
 Or threat with his fist, since his arms are spliced?
Or kick with his feet, now his legs are bound?
 —Thinks John, I will call upon Jesus Christ.

[*Here one crosseth himself.*]

VI.

Jesus Christ—John had bought and sold,
 Jesus Christ—John had eaten and drunk ;
 To him, the Flesh meant silver and gold.

(Salvâ reverentiâ.)

Now it was, "Saviour, bountiful lamb,
 "I have roasted thee Turks, though men roast me !
 "See thy servant, the plight wherein I am !
 "Art thou a saviour? Save thou me !"

CHORUS.

'T is John the mocker cries, "Save thou me !"

VII.

Who maketh God's menace an idle word ?
 —Saith, it no more means what it proclaims,
 Than a damsel's threat to her wanton bird ?—
 For she too prattles of ugly names.
 —Saith, he knoweth but one thing,—what he knows ?
 That God is good and the rest is breath ;
 Why else is the same styled Sharon's rose ?
 Once a rose, ever a rose, he saith.

CHORUS.

O, John shall yet find a rose, he saith !

VIII.

Alack, there be roses and roses, John !

Some, honied of taste like your leman's tongue :
Some, bitter ; for why ? (roast gaily on !)

Their tree struck root in devil's-dung.
When Paul once reasoned of righteousness
And of temperance and of judgment to come,
Good Felix trembled, he could no less :
John, snickering, crook'd his wicked thumb.

CHORUS.

What cometh to John of the wicked thumb?

IX.

Ha ha, John plucketh now at his rose
To rid himself of a sorrow at heart !
Lo,—petal on petal, fierce rays uncloze ;
Anther on anther, sharp spikes outstart ;
And with blood for dew, the bosom boils ;
And a gust of sulphur is all its smell ;
And lo, he is horribly in the toils
Of a coal-black giant flower of hell !

CHORUS.

What maketh heaven, That maketh hell.

X

So, as John called now, through the fire amain,
On the Name, he had cursed with, all his life—
To the Person, he bought and sold again—
For the Face, with his daily buffets rife—
Feature by feature It took its place :
And his voice, like a mad dog's choking bark,
At the steady whole of the Judge's face—
Died. Forth John's soul flared into the dark.

SUBJOINETH THE ABBOT DEODAET.

God help all poor souls lost in the dark !

HOLY-CROSS DAY.

ON WHICH THE JEWS WERE FORCED TO ATTEND AN ANNUAL
CHRISTIAN SERMON IN ROME.

[" Now was come about Holy-Cross Day, and now must my lord preach his first sermon to the Jews : as it was of old cared for in the merciful bowels of the Church, that, so to speak, a crumb at least from her conspicuous table here in Rome should be, though but once yearly, cast to the famishing dogs, under-trampled and bespitten-upon beneath the feet of the guests. And a moving sight in truth, this, of so many of the besotted blind restif and ready-to-perish Hebrews ! now maternally brought—nay (for He saith, ' Compel them to come in ') haled, as it were, by the head and hair, and against their obstinate hearts, to partake of the heavenly grace. What awakening, what striving with tears, what working of a yeasty conscience ! Nor was my lord wanting to himself on so apt an occasion ; witness the abundance of conversions which did incontinently reward him : though not to my lord be altogether the glory."—*Diary by the Bishop's Secretary, 1600.*]

What the Jews really said, on thus being driven to church, was rather to this effect :—

I.

FEE, faw, fum ! bubble and squeak !
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week.
Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savoury, smug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
Gives us the summons—'t is sermon-time !

II.

Boh, here 's Barnabas ! Job, that 's you?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too?
Shame, man ! greedy beyond your years
To handsel the bishop's shaving-shears?
Fair play 's a jewel ! Leave friends in the lurch?
Stand on a line ere you start for the church !

III.

Higgledy piggedly, packed we lie,
Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
Worms in a carcase, fleas in a sleeve.
Hist ! square shoulders, settle your thumbs
And buzz for the bishop—here he comes.

IV.

Bow, wow, wow—a bone for the dog !
I liken his Grace to an acorned hog.
What, a boy at his side, with the bloom of a lass,
To help and handle my lord's hour-glass !
Didst ever behold so lithe a chine?
His check hath laps like a fresh-singed swine.

V.

Aaron's asleep—shove hip to haunch,
Or somebody deal him a dig in the paunch !
Look at the purse with the tassel and knob,
And the gown with the angel and thingumbob !
What's he at, quotha? reading his text !
Now you've his curtsey—and what comes next.

VI.

See to our converts—you doomed black dozen—
No stealing away—nor cog nor cozen !
You five, that were thieves, deserve it fairly ;
You seven, that were beggars, will live less sparely ;
You took your turn and dipped in the hat,
Got fortune—and fortune gets you ; mind that !

VII.

Give your first groan—compunction's at work ;
And soft ! from a Jew you mount to a Turk.
Lo, Micah,—the selfsame beard on chin
He was four times already converted in !
Here's a knife, clip quick—it's a sign of grace—
Or he ruins us all with his hanging-face.

VIII.

Whom now is the bishop a-leering at ?
I know a point where his text falls pat.
I 'll tell him to-morrow, a word just now
Went to my heart and made me vow
I meddle no more with the worst of trades—
Let somebody else pay his serenades.

IX.

Groan all together now, whee—hee—hee !
It 's a-work, it 's a-work, ah, woe is me !
It began, when a herd of us, picked and placed,
Were spurred through the Corso, stripped to the waist ;
Jew brutes, with sweat and blood well spent
To usher in worthily Christian Lent.

X.

It grew, when the hangman entered our bounds,
Yelled, pricked us out to his church like hounds :
It got to a pitch, when the hand indeed
Which gutted my purse would throttle my creed :
And it overflows when, to even the odd,
Men I helped to their sins help me to their God.

XI.

But now, while the scapegoats leave our flock,
And the rest sit silent and count the clock,
Since forced to muse the appointed time
On these precious facts and truths sublime,—
Let us fitly employ it, under our breath,
In saying Ben Ezra's Song of Death.

XII.

For Rabbi Ben Ezra, the night he died,
Called sons and sons' sons to his side,
And spoke, "This world has been harsh and strange ;
" Something is wrong : there needeth a change.
" But what, or where? at the last or first ?
" In one point only we sinned, at worst.

XIII.

" The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
" And again in his border see Israel set.
" When Judah beholds Jerusalem,
" The stranger-seed shall be joined to them :
" To Jacob's House shall the Gentiles cleave.
" So the Prophet saith and his sons believe.

XIV.

“ Ay, the children of the chosen race
“ Shall carry and bring them to their place :
“ In the land of the Lord shall lead the same,
“ Bondsmen and handmaids. Who shall blame,
“ When the slaves enslave, the oppressed ones o’er
“ The oppressor triumph for evermore ?

XV.

“ God spoke, and gave us the word to keep,
“ Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
“ ’Mid a faithless world,—at watch and ward,
“ Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
“ By His servant Moses the watch was set :
“ Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.

XVI.

“ Thou ! if thou wast He, who at mid-watch came,
“ By the starlight, naming a dubious name !
“ And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
“ With fear—O Thou, if that martyr-gash
“ Fell on Thee coming to take thine own,
“ And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—

XVII.

“ Thou art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
 “ But, the Judgment over, join sides with us !
 “ Thine too is the cause ! and not more thine
 “ Than ours, is the work of these dogs and swine,
 “ Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed !
 “ Who maintain Thee in word, and defy Thee in deed !

XVIII.

“ We withstood Christ then ? Be mindful how
 “ At least we withstand Barabbas now !
 “ Was our outrage sore ? But the worst we spared,
 “ To have called these—Christians, had we dared !
 “ Let defiance to them pay mistrust of Thee,
 “ And Rome make amends for Calvary !

XIX.

“ By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
 “ By the infamy, Israel’s heritage,
 “ By the Ghetto’s plague, by the garb’s disgrace,
 “ By the badge of shame, by the felon’s place,
 “ By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
 “ And the summons to Christian fellowship,—

XX.

“ We boast our proof that at least the Jew
“ Would wrest Christ’s name from the Devil’s crew.
“ Thy face took never so deep a shade
“ But we fought them in it, God our aid !
“ A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band,
“ South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land ! ”

[*Pope Gregory XVI. abolished this bad business
of the Sermon.—R. B.*]

PROTUS.

AMONG these latter busts we count by scores,
 Half-emperors and quarter-emperors,
 Each with his bay-leaf fillet, loose-thonged vest,
 Loric and low-browed Gorgon on the breast,—
 One loves a baby face, with violets there,
 Violets instead of laurel in the hair,
 As those were all the little locks could bear.

Now read here. “Protus ends a period
 “Of empery beginning with a god ;
 “Born in the porphyry chamber at Byzant,
 “Queens by his cradle, proud and ministrant :
 “And if he quickened breath there, ’t would like fire
 “Pantingly through the dim vast realm transpire.
 “A fame that he was missing spread afar :
 “The world from its four corners, rose in war,
 “Till he was borne out on a balcony
 “To pacify the world when it should see.

“ The captains ranged before him, one, his hand
“ Made baby points at, gained the chief command.
“ And day by day more beautiful he grew
“ In shape, all said, in feature and in hue,
“ While young Greek sculptors, gazing on the child,
“ Became with old Greek sculpture reconciled.
“ Already sages laboured to condense
“ In easy tomes a life’s experience :
“ And artists took grave counsel to impart
“ In one breath and one hand-sweep, all their art—
“ To make his graces prompt as blossoming
“ Of plentifully-watered palms in spring :
“ Since well beseems it, whoso mounts the throne,
“ For beauty, knowledge, strength, should stand alone,
“ And mortals love the letters of his name.”

—Stop ! Have you turned two pages? Still the same.
New reign, same date. The scribe goes on to say
How that same year, on such a month and day,
“ John the Pannonian, groundedly believed
“ A blacksmith’s bastard, whose hard hand reprieved
“ The Empire from its fate the year before,—
“ Came, had a mind to take the crown, and wore
“ The same for six years (during which the Huns
“ Kept off their fingers from us), till his sons

"Put something in his liquor"—and so forth.
 Then a new reign. Stay—"Take at its just worth"
 (Subjoins an annotator) "what I give
 "As hearsay. Some think, John let Protus live
 "And slip away. 'T is said, he reached man's age
 "At some blind northern court; made, first a page,
 "Then tutor to the children; last, of use
 "About the hunting-stables. I deduce
 "He wrote the little tract 'On worming dogs,'
 "Whereof the name in sundry catalogues
 "Is extant yet. A Protus of the race
 "Is rumoured to have died a monk in Thrace,—
 "And if the same, he reached senility."

Here's John the Smith's rough-hammered head. Great
 eye,
 Gross jaw and griped lips do what granite can
 To give you the crown-grasper. What a man!

THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

THERE'S a palace in Florence, the world knows well,
And a statue watches it from the square,
And this story of both do our townsmen tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
At the farthest window facing the East
Asked, "Who rides by with the royal air?"

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased ;
She leaned forth, one on either hand ;
They saw how the blush of the bride increased—

They felt by its beats her heart expand—
As one at each ear and both in a breath
Whispered, "The Great-Duke Ferdinand."

That self-same instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back—"Who is she?"
—"A bride the Riccardi brings home to-day."

Hair in heaps lay heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure—
Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure—
And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.

He looked at her, as a lover can ;
She looked at him, as one who awakes :
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

Now, love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that selfsame night
In the pile which the mighty shadow makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the palace overshadows one,
Because of a crime which may God requite !

To Florence and God the wrong was done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the square)
Turned in the midst of his multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
A single minute and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man subdued—

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—
For the Duke on the lady a kiss conferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
If a word did pass, which I do not think,
Only one out of the thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink
He and his bride were alone at last
In a bedchamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast,
That the door she had passed was shut on her
'Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,
Through a certain window facing the East,
She could watch like a convent's chronicler.

Since passing the door might lead to a feast,
And a feast might lead to so much beside,
He, of many evils, chose the least.

"Freely I choose too," said the bride—
"Your window and its world suffice,"
Replied the tongue, while the heart replied—

"If I spend the night with that devil twice,
"May his window serve as my loop of hell
"Whence a damned soul looks on paradise !

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well,
"Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
"Ere I count another ave-bell.

"'T is only the coat of a page to borrow,
"And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
"And I save my soul—but not to-morrow"—

(She checked herself and her eye grew dim)

"My father tarries to bless my state :
"I must keep it one day more for him.

“Is one day more so long to wait?
“Moreover the Duke rides past, I know;
“We shall see each other, sure as fate.”

She turned on her side and slept. Just so!
So we resolve on a thing and sleep:
So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, “Dear or cheap
“As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
“To body or soul, I will drain it deep.”

And on the morrow, bold with love,
He beckoned the bridegroom (close on call,
As his duty bade, by the Duke’s alcove)

And smiled “’T was a very funeral,
“Your lady will think, this feast of ours,—
“A shame to efface, whate’er befall!

“What if we break from the Arno bowers,
“And try if Petraja, cool and green,
“Cure last night’s fault with this morning’s flowers?”

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
Said, “Too much favour for me so mean!

‘ But, alas ! my lady leaves the South ;
“ Each wind that comes from the Apennine
“ Is a menace to her tender youth :

“ Nor a way exists, the wise opine,
“ If she quits her palace twice this year,
“ To avert the flower of life’s decline.”

Quoth the Duke, “ A sage and a kindly fear.
“ Moreover Petraja is cold this spring :
“ Be our feast to-night as usual here ! ”

And then to himself—“ Which night shall bring
“ Thy bride to her lover’s embraces, fool—
“ Or I am the fool, and thou art the king !

“ Yet my passion must wait a night, nor cool—
“ For to-night the Envoy arrives from France
“ Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my tool.

“ I need thee still and might miss perchance.
“ To-day is not wholly lost, beside,
“ With its hope of my lady’s countenance :

“ For I ride—what should I do but ride ?
“ And passing her palace, if I list,
“ May glance at its window—well betide ! ”

So said, so done : nor the lady missed
One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow,
No morrow's sun should arise and set
And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
But not in despite of heaven and earth :
The rose would blow when the storm passed by.

Meantime they could profit in winter's dearth
By store of fruits that supplant the rose :
The world and its ways have a certain worth :

And to press a point while these oppose
Were simple policy ; better wait :
We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

.

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's fate,
Who daily may ride and pass and look
Where his lady watches behind the grate !

And she—she watched the square like a book
Holding one picture and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook :

When the picture was reached the book was done,
And she turned from the picture at night to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

So weeks grew months, years ; gleam by gleam
The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream ;

Which hovered as dreams do, still above :
But who can take a dream for a truth ?
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove !

One day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked,—
And wondered who the woman was,
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass—

“ Summon here,” she suddenly said,

“ Before the rest of my old self pass,

“ Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,

“ Who fashions the clay no love will change,

“ And fixes a beauty never to fade.

“ Let Robbia’s craft so apt and strange

“ Arrest the remains of young and fair,

“ And rivet them while the seasons range.

“ Make me a face on the window there,

“ Waiting as ever, mute the while,

“ My love to pass below in the square !

“ And let me think that it may beguile

“ Dreary days which the dead must spend

“ Down in their darkness under the aisle,

“ To say, ‘ What matters it at the end ?

“ ‘ I did no more while my heart was warm

“ ‘ Than does that image, my pale-faced friend.’

“ Where is the use of the lip’s red charm,

“ The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,

“ And the blood that blues the inside arm—

Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?
“ A lady of clay is as good, I trow.”

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine,
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine—

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,
As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face—

Eyeing ever, with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by—)

The Duke had sighed like the simplest wretch
In Florence, “ Youth—my dream escapes !
“ Will its record stay?” And he bade them fetch

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes—
“ Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
“ Ere his body find the grave that gapes?

“ John of Douay shall effect my plan,
“ Set me on horseback here aloft,
“ Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

“ In the very square I have crossed so oft :
“ That men may admire, when future suns
“ Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

“ While the mouth and the brow stay brave in
 bronze—
“ Admire and say, ‘ When he was alive
“ ‘ How he would take his pleasure once ! ’

“ And it shall go hard but I contrive
“ To listen the while, and laugh in my tomb
“ At idleness which aspires to strive.”

So ! While these wait the trump of doom,
How do their spirits pass, I wonder,
Nights and days in the narrow room ?

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Only they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way thro' the world to this.

I hear you reproach, "But delay was best,
"For their end was a crime."—Oh, a crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view !

Must a game be played for the sake of pelf?
Where a button goes, 't were an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.

The true has no value beyond the sham :
As well the counter as coin, I submit,
When your table 's a hat, and your prize a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,

If you choose to play !—is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will !

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin :
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost

Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you ? *De te, fabula.*

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake :
I listened with heart fit to break.
When glided in Porphyria ; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,

And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me—she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain :
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud ; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me ; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good : I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she ;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids : again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

And I untightened next the tress
About her neck ; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still :
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead !
Porphyria's love : she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word !

*"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER
CAME."*

(See Edgar's song in "LEAR.")

I.

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

II.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare
All travellers who might find him posted there,
And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph
. For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

III.

If at his counsel I should turn aside
 Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
 Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed : neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
 So much as gladness that some end might be.

IV.

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,
 What with my search drawn out thro' years, my
 hope
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success would bring,—
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
 My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

V.

As when a sick man very near to death
 Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end
 The tears and takes the farewell of each friend,
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath
Freelier outside, ("since all is o'er," he saith,
 " And the blow fallen no grieving can amend ; ")

VI.

While some discuss if near the other graves
Be room enough for this, and when a day
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
With care about the banners, scarves and staves :
And still the man hears all, and only craves
He may not shame such tender love and stay.

VII.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among "The Band"—to wit,
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search
addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit ?

VIII.

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

IX.

For mark ! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,
Than, pausing to throw backward a last view
O'er the safe road, 't was gone ; grey plain all round :
Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
I might go on ; nought else remained to do.

X.

So, on I went. I think I never saw
Such starved ignoble nature ; nothing throve :
For flowers—as well expect a cedar grove !
But cockle, spurge, according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
You 'd think ; a burr had been a treasure-trove.

XI.

No ! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See
"Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
"It nothing skills : I cannot help my case :
"T is the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
"Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

XII.

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped ; the bents
Were jealous else. What made those holes and
rents
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to baulk
All hope of greenness ? 't is a brute must walk
Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

XIII.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy ; thin dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there :
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud !

XIV.

Alive ? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red gaunt and colloped neck a-strain,
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane ;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe ;
I never saw a brute I hated so ;
•He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

XV.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art :
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

XVI.

Not it ! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace !
Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

XVII.

Giles then, the soul of honour—there he stands
Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.
What honest man should dare (he said) he durst.
Good—but the scene shifts—faugh ! what hangman-
hands
Pin to his breast a parchment ? His own bands
Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst !

XVIII.

Better this present than a past like that ;
Back therefore to my darkening path again !
No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
Will the night send a howlet or a bat ?
I asked : when something on the dismal flat
Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

XIX.

A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes.
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms ;
This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof—to see the wrath
Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

XX.

So petty yet so spiteful ! All along,
Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it ;
Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
Of mute despair, a suicidal throng :
The river which had done them all the wrong,
Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

XXI.

Which, while I forded,—good saints, how I feared
To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard !
—It may have been a water-rat I speared,
But, ugh ! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

XXII.

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.
Now for a better country. Vain presage !
Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage,
Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
Soil to a plash ? Toads in a poisoned tank,
Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage—

XXIII.

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.
What penned them there, with all the plain to choose ?
No foot-print leading to that horrid mews,
None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk
Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

XXIV.

And more than that—a furlong on—why, there !
What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,
Or brake, not wheel—that harrow fit to reel
Men's bodies out like silk ? with all the air
Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,
Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

XXV.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,
Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth
Desperate and done with ; (so a fool finds mirth,
Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood
Changes and off he goes !) within a rood—
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

XXVI.

Now blotches rankling, coloured gay and grim,
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
Broke into moss or substances like boils ;
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

XXVII.

And just as far as ever from the end !

Nought in the distance but the evening, nought
To point my footstep further ! At the thought,
A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom-friend,
Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penned
That brushed my cap—perchance the guide I sought.

XXVIII.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains—with such name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it, you !
How to get from them was no clearer case.

XXIX.

Yet half I seemed to recognize some trick
Of mischief happened to me, God knows when—
In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then,
Progress this way. When, in the very nick
Of giving up, one time more, came a click
As when a trap shuts—you're inside the den !

XXX

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place ! those two hills on the right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight ;
While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Duncce,
Dotard, a-doing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight !

XXXI.

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself ?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

XXXII.

Not see ? because of night perhaps ?—why, day
Came back again for that ! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft :
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
“ Now stab and end the creature—to the heft !

XXXIII.

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

XXXIV.

There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower
came.*"

CHRISTMAS-EVE AND
EASTER-DAY.

CHRISTMAS-EVE & EASTER-DAY.

1850.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

Out of the little chapel I burst
Into the fresh night-air again.
Five minutes full, I waited first
In the doorway, to escape the rain
That drove in gusts down the common's centre
At the edge of which the chapel stands,
Before I plucked up heart to enter.

Heaven knows how many sorts of hands
Reached past me, groping for the latch
Of the inner door that hung on catch
More obstinate the more they fumbled,
Till, giving way at last with a scold
Of the crazy hinge, in squeezed or tumbled
One sheep more to the rest in fold,

And left me irresolute, standing sentry
In the sheepfold's lath-and-plaster entry,
Six feet long by three feet wide,
Partitioned off from the vast inside—

I blocked up half of it at least.
No remedy ; the rain kept driving.

They eyed me much as some wild beast,
That congregation, still arriving,
Some of them by the main road, white
A long way past me into the night,
Skirting the common, then diverging ;
Not a few suddenly emerging
From the common's self thro' the paling-gaps,
—They house in the gravel-pits perhaps,
Where the road stops short with its safeguard border
Of lamps, as tired of such disorder ;—
But the most turned in yet more abruptly

From a certain squalid knot of alleys,
Where the town's bad blood once slept corruptly,

Which now the little chapel rallies
And leads into day again,—its priestliness
Lending itself to hide their beastliness
So cleverly (thanks in part to the mason),
And putting so cheery a whitewashed face on
Those neophytes too much in lack of it,

That, where you cross the common as I did,

And meet the party thus presided,
"Mount Zion" with Love-lane at the back of it,
They front you as little disconcerted
As, bound for the hills, her fate averted,
And her wicked people made to mind him,
Lot might have marched with Gomorrah behind him.

II.

Well, from the road, the lanes or the common,
In came the flock : the fat weary woman,
Panting and bewildered, down-clapping
Her umbrella with a mighty report,
Grounded it by me, wry and flapping,
A wreck of whalebones ; then, with a snort,
Like a startled horse, at the interloper
(Who humbly knew himself improper,
But could not shrink up small enough)
—Round to the door, and in,—the gruff
Hinge's invariable scold
Making my very blood run cold.
Prompt in the wake of her, up-pattered
On broken clogs, the many-tattered
Little old-faced peaking sister-turned-mother
Of the sickly babe she tried to smother
Somehow up, with its spotted face,
From the cold, on her breast, the one warm place ;

She too must stop, wring the poor ends dry
Of a draggled shawl, and add thereby
Her tribute to the door-mat, sopping
Already from my own clothes' dropping,
Which yet she seemed to grudge I should stand on :

Then, stooping down to take off her pattens,
She bore them defiantly, in each hand one,
Planted together before her breast
And its babe, as good as a lance in rest.

Close on her heels, the dingy satins
Of a female something, past me flitted,
With lips as much too white, as a streak
Lay far too red on each hollow cheek ;
And it seemed the very door-hinge pitied
All that was left of a woman once,
Holding at least its tongue for the nonce.
Then a tall yellow man, like the Penitent Thief,
With his jaw bound up in a handkerchief,
And eyelids screwed together tight,
Led himself in by some inner light.
And, except from him, from each that entered,

I got the same interrogation—

“What, you the alien, you have ventured

“To take with us, the elect, your station?

“A carer for none of it, a Gallio!”—

• Thus, plain as print, I read the glance

At a common prey, in each countenance
As of huntsman giving his hounds the tallyho.
And, when the door's cry drowned their wonder,
The draught, it always sent in shutting,
Made the flame of the single tallow candle
In the cracked square lantern I stood under,
Shoot its blue lip at me, rebutting
As it were, the luckless cause of scandal :
I verily fancied the zealous light
(In the chapel's secret, too !) for spite
Would shudder itself clean off the wick,
With the airs of a Saint John's Candlestick.
There was no standing it much longer.
“ Good folks,” thought I, as resolve grew stronger,
“ This way you perform the Grand-Inquisitor
“ When the weather sends you a chance visitor ?
“ You are the men, and wisdom shall die with you,
“ And none of the old Seven Churches vie with you !
“ But still, despite the pretty perfection
“ To which you carry your trick of exclusiveness,
“ And, taking God's word under wise protection,
“ Correct its tendency to diffusiveness,
“ And bid one reach it over hot ploughshares,—
“ Still, as I say, though you 've found salvation,
“ If I should choose to cry, as now, ‘ Shares ! ’—
“ See if the best of you bars me my ration !

“ I prefer, if you please, for my expounder
“ Of the laws of the feast, the feast’s own Founder ;
“ Mine’s the same right with your poorest and sickliest
“ Supposing I don the marriage vestiment :
“ So, shut your mouth and open your Testament,
“ And carve me my portion at your quickliest ! ”

Accordingly, as a shoemaker’s lad

With wizened face in want of soap,
And wet apron wound round his waist like a rope,
(After stopping outside, for his cough was bad,
To get the fit over, poor gentle creature,
And so avoid disturbing the preacher)
—Passed in, I sent my elbow spikewise
At the shutting door, and entered likewise,
Received the hinge’s accustomed greeting,
And crossed the threshold’s magic pentacle,
And found myself in full conventicle,
—To wit, in Zion Chapel Meeting,
On the Christmas-Eve of ’Forty-nine,
Which, calling its flock to their special clover,
Found all assembled and one sheep over,
Whose lot, as the weather pleased, was mine.

III.

I very soon had enough of it.

• The hot smell and the human noises,

And my neighbour's coat, the greasy cuff of it,
Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,
Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure
Of the preaching man's immense stupidity,
As he poured his doctrine forth, full measure,
To meet his audience's avidity.
You needed not the wit of the Sibyl
To guess the cause of it all, in a twinkling :
No sooner our friend had got an inkling
Of treasure hid in the Holy Bible,
(Whene'er 't was the thought first struck him,
How death, at unawares, might duck him
Deeper than the grave, and quench
The gin-shop's light in hell's grim drench)
Than he handled it so, in fine irreverence,
As to hug the book of books to pieces :
And, a patchwork of chapters and texts in severance,
Not improved by the private dog's-ears and creases,
Having clothed his own soul with, he 'd fain see equipt
yours,—
So tossed you again your Holy Scriptures.
And you picked them up, in a sense, no doubt :
Nay, had but a single face of my neighbours
Appeared to suspect that the preacher's labours
Were help which the world could be saved without,
'T is odds but I might have borne in quiet

A qualm or two at my spiritual diet,
Or (who can tell?) perchance even mustered
Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon :
But the flock sat on, divinely flustered,
Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon
With such content in every snuffle,
As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.
My old fat woman purred with pleasure,
And thumb round thumb went twirling faster,
While she, to his periods keeping measure,
Maternally devoured the pastor.
The man with the handkerchief untied it,
Showed us a horrible wen inside it,
Gave his eyelids yet another screwing,
And rocked himself as the woman was doing.
The shoemaker's lad, discreetly choking,
Kept down his cough. 'T was too provoking !
My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it ;
So, saying like Eve when she plucked the apple,
" I wanted a taste, and now there 's enough of it,"
I flung out of the little chapel.

IV.

There was a lull in the rain, a lull
In the wind too ; the moon was risen,
And would have shone out pure and full,

But for the ramparted cloud-prison,
Block on block built up in the West,
For what purpose the wind knows best,
Who changes his mind continually.
And the empty other half of the sky
Seemed in its silence as if it knew
What, any moment, might look through
A chance gap in that fortress massy :—

Through its fissures you got hints
Of the flying moon, by the shifting tints,
Now, a dull lion-colour, now, brassy
Burning to yellow, and whitest yellow,
Like furnace-smoke just ere flames bellow,
All a-simmer with intense strain
To let her through,—then blank again,
At the hope of her appearance failing.
Just by the chapel, a break in the railing
Shows a narrow path directly across ;
'T is ever dry walking there, on the moss—
Besides, you go gently all the way uphill.

I stooped under and soon felt better ;
My head grew lighter, my limbs more supple,
As I walked on, glad to have slipt the fetter.
My mind was full of the scene I had left,
That placid flock, that pastor vociferant,
—How this outside was pure and different !

The sermon, now—what a mingled weft
Of good and ill ! Were either less,
 Its fellow had coloured the whole distinctly;
But alas for the excellent earnestness,
 And the truths, quite true if stated succinctly,
But as surely false, in their quaint presentment,
However to pastor and flock's contentment !
Say rather, such truths looked false to your eyes,
 With his provings and parallels twisted and twined,
Till how could you know them, grown double their size
 In the natural fog of the good man's mind,
Like yonder spots of our roadside lamps,
Haloed about with the common's damps ?
Truth remains true, the fault 's in the prover ;
 The zeal was good, and the aspiration ;
And yet, and yet, yet, fifty times over,
 Pharaoh received no demonstration,
By his Baker's dream of Baskets Three,
Of the doctrine of the Trinity,—
Although, as our preacher thus embellished it,
Apparently his hearers relished it
With so unfeigned a gust—who knows if
They did not prefer our friend to Joseph ?
But so it is everywhere, one way with all of them !
 These people have really felt, no doubt,
A something, the motion they style the Call of them ;

And this is their method of bringing about,
By a mechanism of words and tones,
(So many texts in so many groans)
A sort of reviving and reproducing,
More or less perfectly, (who can tell ?)
The mood itself, which strengthens by using ;
And how that happens, I understand well.
A tune was born in my head last week,
Out of the thump-thump and shriek-shriek
Of the train, as I came by it, up from Manchester ;
And when, next week, I take it back again,
My head will sing to the engine's clack again,
While it only makes my neighbour's haunches stir,
—Finding no dormant musical sprout
In him, as in me, to be jolted out.
'T is the taught already that profits by teaching ;
He gets no more from the railway's preaching
Than, from this preacher who does the rail's office, I :
Whom therefore the flock cast a jealous eye on.
Still, why paint over their door " Mount Zion,"
To which all flesh shall come, saith the prophecy ?

v.

But wherefore be harsh on a single case ?
After how many modes, this Christmas-Eve,
Does the self-same weary thing take place ?

The same endeavour to make you believe,
And with much the same effect, no more :

Each method abundantly convincing,
As I say, to those convinced before,

But scarce to be swallowed without wincing
By the not-as-yet-convinced. For me,
I have my own church equally :

And in this church my faith sprang first !

(I said, as I reached the rising ground,
And the wind began again, with a burst

Of rain in my face, and a glad rebound
From the heart beneath, as if, God speeding me,
I entered his church-door, nature leading me)

—In youth I looked to these very skies,

And probing their immensities,

I found God there, his visible power ;

Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense

Of the power, an equal evidence

That his love, there too, was the nobler dower.

For the loving worm within its clod,

Were diviner than a loveless god

Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.

You know what I mean : God 's all, man 's nought .

But also, God, whose pleasure brought

Man into being, stands away

As it were a handbreadth off, to give

Room for the newly-made to live,
And look at him from a place apart,
And use his gifts of brain and heart,
Given, indeed, but to keep for ever.
Who speaks of man, then, must not sever
Man's very elements from man,
Saying, " But all is God's "—whose plan
Was to create man and then leave him
Able, his own word saith, to grieve him,
But able to glorify him too,
As a mere machine could never do,
That prayed or praised, all unaware
Of its fitness for aught but praise and prayer,
Made perfect as a thing of course.
Man, therefore, stands on his own stock
Of love and power as a pin-point rock :
And, looking to God who ordained divorce
Of the rock from his boundless continent,
Sees, in his power made evident,
Only excess by a million-fold
O'er the power God gave man in the mould.
For, note : man's hand, first formed to carry
A few pounds' weight, when taught to marry
Its strength with an engine's, lifts a mountain,
—Advancing in power by one degree ;
And why count steps through eternity ?

But love is the ever-springing fountain :
Man may enlarge or narrow his bed
For the water's play, but the water-head—
How can he multiply or reduce it?

As easy create it, as cause it to cease ;
He may profit by it, or abuse it,

But 't is not a thing to bear increase
As power does : be love less or more

In the heart of man, he keeps it shut
Or opes it wide, as he pleases, but
Love's sum remains what it was before.

So, gazing up, in my youth, at love
As seen through power, ever above
All modes which make it manifest,
My soul brought all to a single test—
That he, the Eternal First and Last,
Who, in his power, had so surpassed
All man conceives of what is might,—
Whose wisdom, too, showed infinite,
—Would prove as infinitely good ;
Would never, (my soul understood,)
With power to work all love desires,
Bestow e'en less than man requires ;
That he who endlessly was teaching,
Above my spirit's utmost reaching,
What love can do in the leaf or stone,

(So that to master this alone,
This done in the stone or leaf for me,
I must go on learning endlessly)
Would never need that I, in turn,
Should point him out defect unheeded,
And show that God had yet to learn
What the meanest human creature needed,
—Not life, to wit, for a few short years,
Tracking his way through doubts and fears,
While the stupid earth on which I stay
Suffers no change, but passive adds
Its myriad years to myriads,
Though I, he gave it to, decay,
Seeing death come and choose about me,
And my dearest ones depart without me.
No : love which, on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it,
The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose of it.
And I shall behold thee, face to face,
O God, and in thy light retrace
How in all I loved here, still wast thou !
Whom pressing to, then, as I fain would now,
I shall find as able to satiate
The love, thy gift, as my spirit's wonder
Thou art able to quicken and sublimate,

With this sky of thine, that I now walk under,
And glory in thee for, as I gaze
Thus, thus ! Oh, let men keep their ways
Of seeking thee in a narrow shrine—
Be this my way ! And this is mine !

VI.

For lo, what think you? suddenly
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud-barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
Deep in the West ; while, bare and breathless,
North and South and East lay ready
For a glorious thing that, dauntless, deathless,
Sprang across them and stood steady.
'T was a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colours chorded,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last they coalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white,—

Above which intervened the night.
But above night too, like only the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,
Till the heaven of heavens were circumflexed,
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier and flightier,—
Rapture dying along its verge.
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?

VII.

This sight was shown me, there and then,—
Me, one out of a world of men,
Singled forth, as the chance might hap
To another if, in a thunderclap
Where I heard noise and you saw flame,
Some one man knew God called his name.
For me, I think I said, "Appear !
" Good were it to be ever here.
" If thou wilt, let me build to thee
" Service-tabernacles three,
" Where, forever in thy presence,
" In ecstatic acquiescence,

“ Far alike from thriftless learning
“ And ignorance’s undiscerning,
“ I may worship and remain !”

Thus at the show above me, gazing
With upturned eyes, I felt my brain

Glutted with the glory, blazing
Throughout its whole mass, over and under
Until at length it burst asunder
And out of it bodily there streamed,
The too-much glory, as it seemed,
Passing from out me to the ground,
Then palely serpentine round
Into the dark with mazy error.

VIII.

All at once I looked up with terror.
He was there.
He himself with his human air.
On the narrow pathway, just before.
I saw the back of him, no more—
He had left the chapel, then, as I.
I forgot all about the sky.
No face : only the sight
Of a sweepy garment, vast and white,
With a hem that I could recognize.
I felt terror, no surprise ;

My mind filled with the cataract,
At one bound of the mighty fact.

“ I remember, he did say

“ Doubtless that, to this world’s end,

“ Where two or three should meet and pray,

“ He would be in the midst, their friend ;

“ Certainly he was there with them ! ”

And my pulses leaped for joy

Of the golden thought without alloy,

That I saw his very vesture’s hem.

Then rushed the blood back, cold and clear,

With a fresh enhancing shiver of fear ;

And I hastened, cried out while I pressed

To the salvation of the vest,

“ But not so, Lord ! It cannot be

“ That thou, indeed, art leaving me—

“ Me, that have despised thy friends !

“ Did my heart make no amends ?

“ Thou art the love of God—above

“ His power, didst hear me place his love,

“ And that was leaving the world for thee.

“ Therefore thou must not turn from me

“ As I had chosen the other part !

“ Folly and pride o’ercame my heart.

“ Our best is bad, nor bears thy test ;

“ Still, it should be our very best.

“ I thought it best that thou, the spirit,
“ Be worshipped in spirit and in truth,
“ And in beauty, as even we require it—
“ Not in the forms burlesque, uncouth,
“ I left but now, as scarcely fitted
“ For thee : I knew not what I pitied.
“ But, all I felt there, right or wrong,
“ What is it to thee, who curest sinning ?
“ Am I not weak as thou art strong ?
“ I have looked to thee from the beginning,
“ Straight up to thee through all the world
“ Which, like an idle scroll, lay furled
“ To nothingness on either side :
“ And since the time thou wast descried,
“ Spite of the weak heart, so have I
“ Lived ever, and so fain would die,
“ Living and dying, thee before !
“ But if thou leavest me——”

IX.

Less or more,
I suppose that I spoke thus.
When,—have mercy, Lord, on us !
The whole face turned upon me full.
And I spread myself beneath it,
As when the bleacher spreads, to see the it

In the cleansing sun, his wool,—
Steeps in the flood of noontide whiteness
Some defiled, discoloured web—
So lay I, saturate with brightness.

And when the flood appeared to ebb,
Lo, I was walking, light and swift,
With my senses settling fast and steadying,
But my body caught up in the whirl and drift
Of the vesture's amplitude, still eddying
On, just before me, still to be followed,

As it carried me after with its motion :
What shall I say?—as a path were hollowed

And a man went weltering through the ocean,
Sucked along in the flying wake
Of the luminous water-snake.

Darkness and cold were cloven, as through
I passed, upborne yet walking too.

And I turned to myself at intervals,-

“ So he said, so it befalls.

“ God who registers the cup

“ Of mere cold water, for his sake

“ To a disciple rendered up,

“ Disdains not his own thirst to slake

“ At the poorest love was ever offered :

“ And because my heart I proffered,

“ With true love trembling at the brim,

“ He suffers me to follow him
“ For ever, my own way,—dispensed
“ From seeking to be influenced
“ By all the less immediate ways
 “ That earth, in worships manifold,
“ Adopts to reach, by prayer and praise,
 “ The garment’s hem, which, lo, I hold ! ”

X.

And so we crossed the world and stopped.
 For where am I, in city or plain,
 Since I am ’ware of the world again ?
And what is this that rises propped
With pillars of prodigious girth ?
Is it really on the earth,
This miraculous Dome of God ?
Has the angel’s measuring-rod
Which numbered cubits, gem from gem,
’Twixt the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Meted it out,—and what he meted,
Have the sons of men completed ?
—Binding, ever as he bade,
Columns in the colonnade
With arms wide open to embrace
The entry of the human race

To the breast of . . . what is it, yon building,
Ablaze in front, all paint and gilding,
With marble for brick, and stones of price
For garniture of the edifice?
Now I see ; it is no dream ;
It stands there and it does not seem .
For ever, in pictures, thus it looks,
And thus I have read of it in books
Often in England, leagues away,
And wondered how these fountains play,
Growing up eternally
Each to a musical water-tree,
Whose blossoms drop, a glittering boon,
Before my eyes, in the light of the moon,
To the granite lavers underneath.
Liar and dreamer in your teeth ! .
I, the sinner that speak to you,
Was in Rome this night, and stood, and knew
Both this and more. For see, for see,
The dark is rent, mine eye is free
To pierce the crust of the outer wall,
And I view inside, and all there, all,
As the swarming hollow of a hive,
The whole Basilica alive !
Men in the chancel, body and nave,
Men on the pillars' architrave,

Men on the statues, men on the tombs
With popes and kings in their porphyry wombs,
All famishing in expectation
Of the main-altar's consummation.
For see, for see, the rapturous moment
Approaches, and earth's best endowment
Blends with heaven's ; the taper-fires
Pant up, the winding brazen spires
Heave loftier yet the baldachin ;
The incense-gaspings, long kept in,
Suspire in clouds ; the organ blatant
Holds his breath and grovels latent,
As if God's hushing finger grazed him,
(Like Behemoth when he praised him)
At the silver bell's shrill tinkling,
Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling
On the sudden pavement strewed
With faces of the multitude.
Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be

Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, All in all,
King of kings, Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
“ I died, and live for evermore ! ”

XI.

Yet I was left outside the door.
“ Why sit I here on the threshold-stone
“ Left till He return, alone
“ Save for the garment’s extreme fold
“ Abandoned still to bless my hold ? ”
My reason, to my doubt, replied,
As if a book were opened wide,
And at a certain page I traced
Every record undefaced,
Added by successive years,—
The harvestings of truth’s stray ears
Singly gleaned, and in one sheaf
Bound together for belief.
Yes, I said—that he will go
And sit with these in turn, I know.
Their faith’s heart beats, though her head swims
Too giddily to guide her limbs,
Disabled by their palsy-stroke
From propping mine. Though Rome’s gross yoke

Drops off, no more to be endured,
Her teaching is not so obscured
By errors and perversities,
That no truth shines athwart the lies :
And he, whose eye detects a spark
Even where, to man's, the whole seems dark,
May well see flame where each beholder
Acknowledges the embers smoulder.
But I, a mere man, fear to quit
The clue God gave me as most fit
To guide my footsteps through life's maze,
Because himself discerns all ways
Open to reach him : I, a man
Able to mark where faith began
To swerve aside, till from its summit
Judgment drops her damning plummet,
Pronouncing such a fatal space
Departed from the founder's base :
He will not bid me enter too,
But rather sit, as now I do,
Awaiting his return outside.
—'T was thus my reason straight replied
And joyously I turned, and pressed
The garment's skirt upon my breast,
Until, afresh its light suffusing me,
My heart cried—What has been abusing me

That I should wait here lonely and coldly,
Instead of rising, entering boldly,
Baring truth's face, and letting drift
Her veils of lies as they choose to shift ?
Do these men praise him ? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise !
I see the error ; but above
The scope of error, see the love.—
Oh, love of those first Christian days !
—Fanned so soon into a blaze,
From the spark preserved by the trampled sect,
That the antique sovereign Intellect
Which then sat ruling in the world,
Like a change in dreams, was hurled
From the throne he reigned upon :
You looked up and he was gone.
Gone, his glory of the pen !
—Love, with Greece and Rome in ken,
Bade her scribes abhor the trick
Of poetry and rhetoric,
And exult with hearts set free,
In blessed imbecility
Scrawled, perchance, on some torn sheet
Leaving Sallust incomplete.
Gone, his pride of sculptor, painter !
—Love, while able to acquaint her

While the thousand statues yet
Fresh from chisel, pictures wet
From brush, she saw on every side,
Chose rather with an infant's pride
To frame those portents which impart
Such unction to true Christian Art.
Gone, music too ! The air was stirred
By happy wings : Terpander's bird
(That, when the cold came, fled away)
Would tarry not the wintry day,—
As more-enduring sculpture must,
Till filthy saints rebuked the gust
With which they chanced to get a sight
Of some dear naked Aphrodite
They glanced a thought above the toes of,
By breaking zealously her nose off.
Love, surely, from that music's lingering,
Might have filched her organ-fingering,
Nor chosen rather to set prayings
To hog-grunts, praises to horse-neighings.
Love was the startling thing, the new :
Love was the all-sufficient too ;
And seeing that, you see the rest :
As a babe can find its mother's breast
As well in darkness as in light,
Love shut our eyes, and all seemed right.

True, the world's eyes are open now :
—Less need for me to disallow
Some few that keep Love's zone unbuckled,
Peevish as ever to be suckled,
Lulled by the same old baby-prattle
With intermixture of the rattle,
When she would have them creep, stand steady
Upon their feet, or walk already,
Not to speak of trying to climb.
I will be wise another time,
And not desire a wall between us,
 When next I see a church-roof cover
So many species of one genus,
 All with foreheads bearing *lover*
Written above the earnest eyes of them ;
 All with breasts that beat for beauty,
Whether sublimed, to the surprise of them,
 In noble daring, steadfast duty,
The heroic in passion, or in action,—
Or, lowered for sense's satisfaction,
To the mere outside of human creatures,
Mere perfect form and faultless features.
What? with all Rome here, whence to levy
 Such contributions to their appetite,
With women and men in a gorgeous bevy,
 They take, as it were, a padlock, clap it tight

On their southern eyes, restrained from feeding
On the glories of their ancient reading,
On the beauties of their modern singing,
On the wonders of the builder's bringing,
On the majesties of Art around them,—
And, all these loves, late struggling incessant,
When faith has at last united and bound them,
They offer up to God for a present?
Why, I will, on the whole, be rather proud of it,—
And, only taking the act in reference
To the other recipients who might have allowed it
I will rejoice that God had the preference.

XII.

So I summed up my new resolves :
Too much love there can never be.
And where the intellect devolves
Its function on love exclusively,
I, a man who possesses both,
Will accept the provision, nothing loth,
—Will feast my love, then depart elsewhere,
That my intellect may find its share.
And ponder, O soul, the while thou departest,
And see thou applaud the great heart of the artist,
Who, examining the capabilities
Of the block of marble he has to fashion

Into a type of thought or passion,—
Not always, using obvious facilities,
Shapes it, as any artist can,
Into a perfect symmetrical man,
Complete from head to foot of the life-size,
Such as old Adam stood in his wife's eyes,—
But, now and then, bravely aspires to consummate
A Colossus by no means so easy to come at,
And uses the whole of his block for the bust,
Leaving the mind of the public to finish it,
Since cut it ruefully short he must :
On the face alone he expends his devotion,
He rather would mar than resolve to diminish it,
—Saying, “ Applaud me for this grand notion
“ Of what a face may be ! As for completing it
“ In breast and body and limbs, do that, you ! ”
All hail ! I fancy how, happily meeting it,
A trunk and legs would perfect the statue,
Could man carve so as to answer volition.
And how much nobler than petty cavils,
Were a hope to find, in my spirit-travels,
Some artist of another ambition,
Who having a block to carve, no bigger,
Has spent his power on the opposite quest,
And believed to begin at the feet was best—
For so may I see, ere I die, the whole figure !

XIII.

No sooner said than out in the night !
My heart beat lighter and more light :
And still, as before, I was walking swift,
 With my senses settling fast and steadying,
But my body caught up in the whirl and drift
 Of the vesture's amplitude, still eddying
On just before me, still to be followed,
 As it carried me after with its motion,
—What shall I say?—as a path were hollowed,
 And a man went weltering through the ocean,
Sucked along in the flying wake
Of the luminous water-snake.

XIV.

Alone ! I am left alone once more—
 (Save for the garment's extreme fold
 Abandoned still to bless my hold)
Alone, beside the entrance-door
Of a sort of temple,—perhaps a college,
—Like nothing I ever saw before
At home in England, to my knowledge.
The tall old quaint irregular town !
 It may be . . . though which, I can't affirm . . . any
 Of the famous middle-age towns of Germany ;

And this flight of stairs where I sit down,
Is it Halle, Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort
Or Göttingen, I have to thank for 't?
It may be Göttingen,—most likely.
Through the open door I catch obliquely
Glimpses of a lecture-hall ;

And not a bad assembly neither,
Ranged decent and symmetrical

On benches, waiting what 's to see there ;
Which, holding still by the vesture's hem,
I also resolve to see with them,
Cautious this time how I suffer to slip
The chance of joining in fellowship
With any that call themselves his friends ;

As these folk do, I have a notion.

But hist—a buzzing and emotion !
All settle themselves, the while ascends
By the creaking rail to the lecture-desk,
Step by step, deliberate

Because of his cranium's over-freight,
Three parts sublime to one grotesque,
If I have proved an accurate guesser,
The hawk-nosed high-cheek-boned Professor.
I felt at once as if there ran
A shoot of love from my heart to the man—
That sallow virgin-minded studious

Martyr to mild enthusiasm,
As he uttered a kind of cough-preludious
That woke my sympathetic spasm,
(Beside some spitting that made me sorry)
And stood, surveying his auditory
With a wan pure look, well nigh celestial,—
Those blue eyes had survived so much !
While, under the foot they could not smutch,
Lay all the fleshly and the bestial.
Over he bowed, and arranged his notes,
Till the auditory's clearing of throats
Was done with, died into a silence ;
And, when each glance was upward sent,
Each bearded mouth composed intent,
And a pin might be heard drop half a mile hence,—
He pushed back higher his spectacles,
Let the eyes stream out like lamps from cells,
And giving his head of hair—a hake
Of undressed tow, for colour and quantity—
One rapid and impatient shake,
(As our own Young England adjusts a jaunty tie
When about to impart, on mature digestion,
Some thrilling view of the surplice-question)
—The Professor's grave voice, sweet though hoarse,
Broke into his Christmas-Eve discourse.

XV.

And he began it by observing
How reason dictated that men
Should rectify the natural swerving,
By a reversion, now and then,
To the well-heads of knowledge, few
And far away, whence rolling grew
The life-stream wide whereat we drink,
Commingled, as we needs must think,
With waters alien to the source ;
To do which, aimed this eve's discourse ;
Since, where could be a fitter time
For tracing backward to its prime
This Christianity, this lake,
This reservoir, whereat we slake,
From one or other bank, our thirst ?
So, he proposed inquiring first
Into the various sources whence
This Myth of Christ is derivable ;
Demanding from the evidence,
(Since plainly no such life was liveable)
How these phenomena should class ?
Whether 't were best opine Christ was,
Or never was at all, or whether
He was and was not, both together—

It matters little for the name,
So the idea be left the same.
Only, for practical purpose' sake,
'T was obviously as well to take
The popular story,—understanding
How the ineptitude of the time,
And the penman's prejudice, expanding
Fact into fable fit for the clime,
Had, by slow and sure degrees, translated it
Into this myth, this Individuum,—
Which, when reason had strained and abated it
Of foreign matter, left, for residuum,
A Man!—a right true man, however,
Whose work was worthy a man's endeavour:
Work, that gave warrant almost sufficient
To his disciples, for rather believing
He was just omnipotent and omniscient,
As it gives to us, for as frankly receiving
His word, their tradition,—which, though it meant
Something entirely different
From all that those who only heard it,
In their simplicity thought and averred it,
Had yet a meaning quite as respectable:
For, among other doctrines delectable,
Was he not surely the first to insist on
The natural sovereignty of our race?—

Here the lecturer came to a pausing-place.
And while his cough, like a drouthy piston,
Tried to dislodge the husk that grew to him,
I seized the occasion of bidding adieu to him,
The vesture still within my hand.

XVI.

I could interpret its command.
This time he would not bid me enter
The exhausted air-bell of the Critic.
Truth's atmosphere may grow mephitic
When Papist struggles with Dissenter,
Impregnating its pristine clarity,
—One, by his daily fare's vulgarity,
 Its gust of broken meat and garlic ;
—One, by his soul's too-much presuming
To turn the frankincense's fuming
 And vapours of the candle starlike
Into the cloud her wings she buoys on.
 Each, that thus sets the pure air seething,
 May poison it for healthy breathing—
But the Critic leaves no air to poison ;
Pumps out with ruthless ingenuity
Atom by atom, and leaves you—vacuity.
Thus much of Christ does he reject ?
And what retain ? His intellect ?

What is it I must reverence duly?
Poor intellect for worship, truly,
Which tells me simply what was told
 (If mere morality, bereft
 Of the God in Christ, be all that 's left)
Elsewhere by voices manifold;
With this advantage, that the stater
 Made nowise the important stumble
 Of adding, he, the sage and humble,
Was also one with the Creator.
You urge Christ's followers' simplicity :
 But how does shifting blame, evade it ?
Have wisdom's words no more felicity ?
 The stumbling-block, his speech—who laid it ?
How comes it that for one found able
To sift the truth of it from fable,
Millions believe it to the letter ?
Christ's goodness, then—does that fare better ?
Strange goodness, which upon the score
 Of being goodness, the mere due
Of man to fellow-man, much more
 To God,—should take another view
Of its possessor's privilege,
And bid him rule his race ! You pledge
Your fealty to such rule ? What, all—
From heavenly John and Attic Paul,

And that brave weather-battered Peter,
Whose stout faith only stood completer
For buffets, sinning to be pardoned,
As, more his hands hauled nets, they hardened,—
All, down to you, the man of men,
Professing here at Göttingen,
Compose Christ's flock ! They, you and I,
Are sheep of a good man ! And why ?
The goodness,—how did he acquire it ?
Was it self-gained, did God inspire it ?
Choose which ; then tell me, on what ground
Should its possessor dare propound
His claim to rise o'er us an inch ?

Were goodness all some man's invention,
Who arbitrarily made mention
What we should follow, and whence flinch,—
What qualities might take the style
Of right and wrong,—and had such guessing
Met with as general acquiescing
As graced the alphabet erewhile,
When A got leave an Ox to be,
No Camel (quoth the Jews) like G,—
For thus inventing thing and title
Worship were that man's fit requital.
But if the common conscience must
Be ultimately judge, adjust

Its apt name to each quality
Already known,—I would decree
Worship for such mere demonstration
And simple work of nomenclature,
Only the day I praised, not nature,
But Harvey, for the circulation.
I would praise such a Christ, with pride
And joy, that he, as none beside,
Had taught us how to keep the mind
God gave him, as God gave his kind,
Freer than they from fleshly taint :
I would call such a Christ our Saint,
As I declare our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim :
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare : each shall take
His crown, I 'd say, for the world's sake—
Though some objected—" Had we seen
" The heart and head of each, what screen
" Was broken there to give them light,
" While in ourselves it shuts the sight,
" We should no more admire, perchance,
" That these found truth out at a glance,
" Than marvel how the bat discerns
" Some pitch-dark cavern's fifty turns,

“Led by a finer tact, a gift

“He boasts, which other birds must shift

“Without, and grope as best they can.”

No, freely I would praise the man,—

Nor one whit more, if he contended

That gift of his, from God descended.

Ah friend, what gift of man's does not?

No nearer something, by a jot,

Rise an infinity of nothings

Than one: take Euclid for your teacher:

Distinguish kinds: do crownings, clothings,

Make that creator which was creature?

Multiply gifts upon man's head,

And what, when all's done, shall be said

But—the more gifted he, I ween!

That one's made Christ, this other, Pilate,

And this might be all that has been,—

So what is there to frown or smile at?

What is left for us, save, in growth

Of soul, to rise up, far past both,

From the gift looking to the giver,

And from the cistern to the river,

And from the finite to infinity,

And from man's dust to God's divinity?

XVII.

Take all in a word : the truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed :
Though he is so bright and we so dim,
We are made in his image to witness him :
And were no eye in us to tell,

Instructed by no inner sense,
The light of heaven from the dark of hell,
That light would want its evidence,—
Though justice, good and truth were still
Divine, if, by some demon's will,
Hatred and wrong had been proclaimed
Law through the worlds, and right misnamed.

No mere exposition of morality
Made or in part or in totality,
Should win you to give it worship, therefore :
And, if no better proof you will care for,
—Whom do you count the worst man upon earth ?

Be sure, he knows, in his conscience, more
Of what right is, than arrives at birth

In the best man's acts that we bow before :
This last knows better—true, but my fact is,
'T is one thing to know, and another to practise.
And thence I conclude that the real God-function
Is to furnish a motive and injunction

For practising what we know already.
And such an injunction and such a motive
As the God in Christ, do you waive, and "heady
"High-minded," hang your tablet-votive
Outside the fane on a finger-post?
Morality to the uttermost,
Supreme in Christ as we all confess,
Why need we prove would avail no jot
To make him God, if God he were not?
What is the point where himself lays stress?
Does the precept run "Believe in good,
"In justice, truth, now understood
"For the first time?"—or, "Believe in me,
"Who lived and died, yet essentially
"Am Lord of Life?" Whoever can take
The same to his heart and for mere love's sake
Conceive of the love,—that man obtains
A new truth; no conviction gains
Of an old one only, made intense
By a fresh appeal to his faded sense.

XVIII.

Can it be that he stays inside?
Is the vesture left me to commune with?
Could my soul find aught to sing in tune with
Even at this lecture, if she tried?

Oh, let me at lowest sympathize
With the lurking drop of blood that lies
In the desiccated brain's white roots
Without throb for Christ's attributes,
As the lecturer makes his special boast !
If love 's dead there, it has left a ghost.
Admire we, how from heart to brain
(Though to say so strike the doctors dumb)

One instinct rises and falls again,

Restoring the equilibrium.

And how when the Critic had done his best,
And the pearl of price, at reason's test,
Lay dust and ashes levigable
On the Professor's lecture-table,—
When we looked for the inference and monition
That our faith, reduced to such condition,
Be swept forthwith to its natural dust-hole,—

He bids us, when we least expect it,
Take back our faith,—if it be not just whole,

Yet a pearl indeed, as his tests affect it,
Which fact pays damage done rewardingly,
So, prize we our dust and ashes accordingly!

“ Go home and venerate the myth

“ I thus have experimented with—

“ This man, continue to adore him

“ Rather than all who went before him,

“ And all who ever followed after ! ’ —

Surely for this I may praise you, my brother !

Will you take the praise in tears or laughter ?

That ’s one point gained : can I compass another ?

Unlearned love was safe from spurning—

Can’t we respect your loveless learning ?

Let us at least give learning honour !

What laurels had we showered upon her,

Girding her loins up to perturb

Our theory of the Middle Verb ;

Or Turk-like brandishing a scimitar

O’er anapæsts in comic-trimeter ;

Or curing the halt and maimed ‘ Iketides,’

While we lounged on at our indebted ease :

Instead of which, a tricky demon

Sets her at Titus or Philemon !

When ignorance wags his ears of leather

And hates God’s word, ’t is altogether ;

Nor leaves he his congenial thistles

To go and browse on Paul’s Epistles.

—And you, the audience, who might ravage

The world wide, enviably savage,

Nor heed the cry of the retriever,

More than Herr Heine (before his fever),—

I do not tell a lie so arrant

As say my passion’s wings are furled up,

And, without plainest heavenly warrant,
I were ready and glad to give the world up—
But still, when you rub brow meticulous,
And ponder the profit of turning holy
If not for God's, for your own sake solely,
—God forbid I should find you ridiculous !
Deduce from this lecture all that eases you,
Nay, call yourselves, if the calling pleases you,
“ Christians,”—abhor the deist's pravity,—
Go on, you shall no more move my gravity
Than, when I see boys ride a-cockhorse,
I find it in my heart to embarrass them
By hinting that their stick 's a mock horse,
And they really carry what they say carries them.

XIX.

So sat I talking with my mind.

I did not long to leave the door
And find a new church, as before,
But rather was quiet and inclined
To prolong and enjoy the gentle resting
From further tracking and trying and testing.
“ This tolerance is a genial mood ! ”
(Said I, and a little pause ensued).

“ One trims the bark 'twixt shoal and shelf,
And sees, each side, the good effects of it,

- “ A value for religion’s self,
“ A carelessness about the sects of it.
“ Let me enjoy my own conviction,
“ Not watch my neighbour’s faith with fretfulness,
“ Still spying there some dereliction
“ Of truth, perversity, forgetfulness !
“ Better a mild indifferentism,
“ Teaching that both our faiths (though duller
“ His shine through a dull spirit’s prism)
“ Originally had one colour !
“ Better pursue a pilgrimage
“ Through ancient and through modern times
“ To many peoples, various climes,
“ Where I may see saint, savage, sage
“ Fuse their respective creeds in one
“ Before the general Father’s throne !”

XX.

—’T was the horrible storm began afresh !
The black night caught me in his mesh,
Whirled me up, and flung me prone.
I was left on the college-step alone.
I looked, and far there, ever fleeting
Far, far away, the receding gesture,
And looming of the lessening vesture !—
Swept forward from my stupid hand,

While I watched my foolish heart expand
In the lazy glow of benevolence,

O'er the various modes of man's belief.
I sprang up with fear's vehemence.

Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship: let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share!
This constitutes my earthly care:
God's is above it and distinct.

For I, a man, with men am linked
And not a brute with brutes; no gain
That I experience, must remain
Unshared: but should my best endeavour
To share it, fail—subsisteth ever
God's care above, and I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track.

Meantime, I can but testify
God's care for me—no more, can I—
It is but for myself I know;

The world rolls witnessing around me
Only to leave me as it found me;
Men cry there, but my ear is slow:
• Their races flourish or decay

—What boots it, while yon lucid way
Loaded with stars divides the vault ?
But soon my soul repairs its fault
When, sharpening sense's hebetude,
She turns on my own life ! So viewed,
No mere mote's-breadth but teems immense
With witnessings of providence :
And woe to me if when I look
Upon that record, the sole book
Unsealed to me, I take no heed
Of any warning that I read !
Have I been sure, this Christmas-Eve,
God's own hand did the rainbow weave,
Whereby the truth from heaven slid
Into my soul ?—I cannot bid
The world admit he stooped to heal
My soul, as if in a thunder-peal
Where one heard noise, and one saw flame,
I only knew he named my name :
But what is the world to me, for sorrow
Or joy in its censure, when to-morrow
It drops the remark, with just-turned head
Then, on again, ' That man is dead ' ?
Yes, but for me—my name called,—drawn
As a conscript's lot from the lap's black yawn,
He has dipt into on a battle-dawn :

Bid out of life by a nod, a glance,—
Stumbling, mute-mazed, at nature's chance,—
With a rapid finger circled round,
Fixed to the first poor inch of ground
To fight from, where his foot was found ;
Whose ear but a minute since lay free
To the wide camp's buzz and gossipry—
Summoned, a solitary man
To end his life where his life began,
From the safe glad rear, to the dreadful van !
Soul of mine, hadst thou caught and held
By the hem of the vesture !—

XXI.

And I caught
At the flying robe, and unrepelled
Was lapped again in its folds full-fraught
With warmth and wonder and delight,
God's mercy being infinite.
For scarce had the words escaped my tongue,
When, at a passionate bound, I sprung,
Out of the wandering world of rain,
Into the little chapel again.

XXII.

How else was I found there, bolt upright
On my bench, as if I had never left it?

—Never flung out on the common at night,
Nor met the storm and wedge-like cleft it,
Seen the raree-show of Peter's successor,
Or the laboratory of the Professor !
For the Vision, that was true, I wist,
True as that heaven and earth exist.
There sat my friend, the yellow and tall,
With his neck and its wen in the selfsame place ;
Yet my nearest neighbour's cheek showed gall.

She had slid away a contemptuous space :
And the old fat woman, late so placable,
Eyed me with symptoms, hardly mistakable,
Of her milk of kindness turning rancid.
In short, a spectator might have fancied
That I had nodded, betrayed by slumber,
Yet kept my seat, a warning ghastly,
Through the heads of the sermon, nine in number,
And woke up now at the tenth and lastly.
But again, could such disgrace have happened?

Each friend at my elbow had surely nudged it ;
And, as for the sermon, where did my nap end?

Unless I heard it, could I have judged it?
Could I report as I do at the close,
First, the preacher speaks through his nose :
Second, his gesture is too emphatic :

Thirdly, to waive what 's pedagogic,

The subject-matter itself lacks logic :
Fourthly, the English is ungrammatic.
Great news ! the preacher is found no Pascal,
Whom, if I pleased, I might to the task call
Of making square to a finite eye
The circle of infinity,
And find so all-but-just-succeeding !
Great news ! the sermon proves no reading
Where bee-like in the flowers I bury me,
Like Taylor's the immortal Jeremy !
And now that I know the very worst of him,
What was it I thought to obtain at first of him ?
Ha ! Is God mocked, as he asks ?
Shall I take on me to change his tasks,
And dare, despatched to a river-head
For a simple draught of the element,
Neglect the thing for which he sent,
And return with another thing instead ?—
Saying, "Because the water found
"Welling up from underground,
"Is mingled with the taints of earth,
"While thou, I know, dost laugh at dearth,
"And couldst, at wink or word, convulse
"The world with the leap of a river-pulse,—
"Therefore I turned from the oozings muddy,
"And bring thee a chalice I found, instead :

“ See the brave veins in the breccia ruddy !

“ One would suppose that the marble bled.

“ What matters the water? A hope I have nursed :

“ The waterless cup will quench my thirst.”

—Better have knelt at the poorest stream

That trickles in pain from the straitest rift !

For the less or the more is all God’s gift,

Who blocks up or breaks wide the granite-seam.

And here, is there water or not, to drink?

I then, in ignorance and weakness,

Taking God’s help, have attained to think

My heart does best to receive in meekness

That mode of worship, as most to his mind,

Where earthly aids being cast behind,

His All in All appears serene

With the thinnest human veil between,

Letting the mystic lamps, the seven,

The many motions of his spirit,

Pass, as they list, to earth from heaven.

For the preacher’s merit or demerit,

It were to be wished the flaws were fewer

In the earthen vessel, holding treasure

Which lies as safe in a golden ewer ;

But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?

Heaven soon sets right all other matters !—

Ask, else, these ruins of humanity.

This flesh worn out to rags and tatters,
This soul at struggle with insanity,
Who thence take comfort—can I doubt?—
Which an empire gained, were a loss without.
May it be mine ! And let us hope
That no worse blessing befall the Pope,
Turned sick at last of to-day's buffoonery,
Of posturings and petticoatings,
Beside his Bourbon bully's gloatings
In the bloody orgies of drunk poltroonery !
Nor may the Professor forego its peace
At Göttingen presently, when, in the dusk
Of his life, if his cough, as I fear, should increase,
Prophesied of by that horrible husk—
When thicker and thicker the darkness fills
The world through his misty spectacles,
And he gropes for something more substantial
Than a fable, myth or personification,—
May Christ do for him what no mere man shall,
And stand confessed as the God of salvation !
Meantime, in the still recurring fear
Lest myself, at unawares, be found,
While attacking the choice of my neighbours round,
With none of my own made—I choose here !
The giving out of the hymn reclaims me ;
I have done : and if any blames me,

Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—
Or worse, that I trench, with undue levity,
On the bounds of the holy and the awful,—
I praise the heart, and pity the head of him,
And refer myself to THEE, instead of him,
Who head and heart alike discernest,
Looking below light speech we utter,
When frothy spume and frequent sputter
Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest !
May truth shine out, stand ever before us !
I put up pencil and join chorus
To Hepzibah Tune, without further apology,
The last five verses of the third section
Of the seventeenth hymn of Whitfield's Collection,
To conclude with the doxology.

EASTER-DAY.

I.

How very hard it is to be
A Christian ! Hard for you and me,
—Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its ideal,
Effecting thus, complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul—
For that is always hard to do ;
But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life.
“ This aim is greater,” you will say,
“ And so more arduous every way.”
—But the importance of their fruits
Still proves to man, in all pursuits,

Proportional encouragement.

“Then, what if it be God’s intent

“That labour to this one result

“Should seem unduly difficult?”

Ah, that’s a question in the dark—

And the sole thing that I remark

Upon the difficulty, this ;

We do not see it where it is,

At the beginning of the race :

As we proceed, it shifts its place,

And where we looked for crowns to fall,

We find the tug’s to come,—that’s all.

II.

At first you say, “The whole, or chief

“Of difficulties, is belief.

“Could I believe once thoroughly,

“The rest were simple. What? Am I

“An idiot, do you think,—a beast?

“Prove to me, only that the least

“Command of God is God’s indeed,

“And what injunction shall I need

“To pay obedience? Death so nigh,

“When time must end, eternity

“Begin,—and cannot I compute,

“Weigh loss and gain together, suit

“ My actions to the balance drawn,
“ And give my body to be sawn
“ Asunder, hacked in pieces, tied
“ To horses, stoned, burned, crucified,
“ Like any martyr of the list ?
“ How gladly !—if I make acquist,
“ Through the brief minute’s fierce annoy,
“ Of God’s eternity of joy.”

III.

—And certainly you name the point
Whereon all turns : for could you joint
This flexile finite life once tight
Into the fixed and infinite,
You, safe inside, would spurn what ’s out,
With carelessness enough, no doubt—
Would spurn mere life : but when time brings
To their next stage your reasonings,
Your eyes, late wide, begin to wink
Nor see the path so well, I think.

IV.

You say, “ Faith may be, one agrees,
“ A touchstone for God’s purposes,

- “ Even as ourselves conceive of them.
“ Could he acquit us or condemn
“ For holding what no hand can loose,
“ Rejecting when we can’t but choose ?
“ As well award the victor’s wreath
“ To whosoever should take breath
“ Duly each minute while he lived—
“ Grant heaven, because a man contrived
“ To see its sunlight every day
“ He walked forth on the public way.
“ You must mix some uncertainty
“ With faith, if you would have faith be.
“ Why, what but faith, do we abhor
“ And idolize each other for—
“ Faith in our evil or our good,
“ Which is or is not understood
“ Aright by those we love or those
“ We hate, thence called our friends or foes ?
“ Your mistress saw your spirit’s grace,
“ When, turning from the ugly face,
“ I found belief in it too hard ;
“ And she and I have our reward.
“ —Yet here a doubt peeps : well for us
“ Weak beings, to go using thus
“ A touchstone for our little ends,
“ Trying with faith the foes and friends ;

“ —But God, bethink you ! I would fain
“ Conceive of the Creator’s reign
“ As based upon exacter laws
“ Than creatures build by with applause.
“ In all God’s acts—(as Plato cries
“ He doth)—he should geometrize.
“ Whence, I desiderate . . .”

v.

I see !

You would grow as a natural tree,
Stand as a rock, soar up like fire.
The world ’s so perfect and entire,
Quite above faith, so right and fit !
Go there, walk up and down in it !
No. The creation travails, groans—
Contrive your music from its moans,
Without or let or hindrance, friend !
That ’s an old story, and its end
As old—you come back (be sincere)
With every question you put here
(Here where there once was, and is still,
We think, a living oracle,
Whose answers you stand carping at)
This time flung back unanswered flat,—
Beside, perhaps, as many more

As those that drove you out before,
Now added, where was little need.
Questions impossible, indeed,
To us who sat still, all and each
Persuaded that our earth had speech,
Of God's, writ down, no matter if
In cursive type or hieroglyph,—
Which one fact freed us from the yoke
Of guessing why He never spoke.
You come back in no better plight
Than when you left us, —am I right?

VI.

So, the old process, I conclude,
Goes on, the reasoning's pursued
Further. You own, "'T is well averred,
"A scientific faith's absurd,
"—Frustrates the very end 't was meant
"To serve. So, I would rest content
"With a mere probability,
"But, probable; the chance must lie
"Clear on one side,—lie all in rough,
"So long as there be just enough
"To pin my faith to, though it hap
"Only at points: from gap to gap

“ One hangs up a huge curtain so,
“ Grandly, nor seeks to have it go
“ Foldless and flat along the wall.
“ What care I if some interval
“ Of life less plainly may depend
“ On God? I’d hang there to the end ;
“ And thus I should not find it hard
“ To be a Christian and debarred
“ From trailing on the earth, till furled
“ Away by death.—Renounce the world !
“ Were that a mighty hardship? Plan
“ A pleasant life, and straight some man
“ Beside you, with, if he thought fit,
“ Abundant means to compass it,
“ Shall turn deliberate aside
“ To try and live as, if you tried
“ You clearly might, yet most despise.
“ One friend of mine wears out his eyes,
“ Slighting the stupid joys of sense,
“ In patient hope that, ten years hence,
“ ‘Somewhat completer,’ he may say,
“ ‘My list of *coleoptera* !’
“ While just the other who most laughs
“ At him, above all epitaphs
“ Aspires to have his tomb describe
“ Himself as sole among the tribe

“ Of snuffbox-fanciers, who possessed
“ A Grignon with the Regent’s crest.
“ So that, subduing, as you want,
“ Whatever stands predominant
“ Among my earthly appetites
“ For tastes and smells and sounds and sights,
“ I shall be doing that alone,
“ To gain a palm-branch and a throne.
“ Which fifty people undertake
“ To do, and gladly, for the sake
“ Of giving a Semitic guess,
“ Or playing pawns at blindfold chess.”

VII.

Good : and the next thing is,—look round
For evidence enough ! ’T is found,
No doubt : as is your sort of mind,
So is your sort of search : you ’ll find
What you desire, and that ’s to be
A Christian. What says history ?
How comforting a point it were
To find some mummy-scrap declare
There lived a Moses ! Better still,
Prove Jonah’s whale translatable
Into some quicksand of the seas,
Isle, cavern, rock, or what you please,

That faith might flap her wings and crow
From such an eminence ! Or, no—
The human heart 's best ; you prefer
Making that prove the minister
To truth ; you probe its wants and needs,
And hopes and fears, then try what creeds
Meet these most aptly,—resolute
That faith plucks such substantial fruit
Wherever these two correspond,
She little needs to look beyond,
And puzzle out who Orpheus was,
Or Dionysius Zagrias.
You 'll find sufficient, as I say,
To satisfy you either way ;
You wanted to believe ; your pains
Are crowned—you do : and what remains ?
“ Renounce the world ! ”—Ah, were it done
By merely cutting one by one
Your limbs off, with your wise head last,
How easy were it !—how soon past,
If once in the believing mood !
“ Such is man's usual gratitude,
“ Such thanks to God do we return,
“ For not exacting that we spurn
“ A single gift of life, forego
• “ One real gain,—only taste them so

“ With gravity and temperance,
“ That those mild virtues may enhance
“ Such pleasures, rather than abstract—
“ Last spice of which, will be the fact
“ Of love discerned in every gift ;
“ While, when the scene of life shall shift,
“ And the gay heart be taught to ache,
“ As sorrows and privations take
“ The place of joy,—the thing that seems
“ Mere misery, under human schemes,
“ Becomes, regarded by the light
“ Of love, as very near, or quite
“ As good a gift as joy before.
“ So plain is it that, all the more
“ A dispensation ’s merciful,
“ More pettishly we try and cull
“ Briers, thistles, from our private plot,
“ To mar God’s ground where thorns are not ! ”

VIII.

Do you say this, or I?—Oh, you !
Then, what, my friend?—(thus I pursue
Our parley)—you indeed opine
That the Eternal and Divine
Did, eighteen centuries ago,
In very truth . . . Enough ! you know

The all-stupendous tale,—that Birth,
That Life, that Death ! And all, the earth
Shuddered at,—all, the heavens grew black
Rather than see ; all, nature's rack
And throe at dissolution's brink
Attested,—all took place, you think,
Only to give our joys a zest,
And prove our sorrows for the best ?
We differ, then ! Were I, still pale
And heartstruck at the dreadful tale,
Waiting to hear God's voice declare
What horror followed for my share,
As implicated in the deed,
Apart from other sins,—concede
That if He blacked out in a blot
My brief life's pleasantness, 't were not
So very disproportionate !
Or there might be another fate—
I certainly could understand
(If fancies were the thing in hand)
How God might save, at that day's price,
The impure in their impurities,
Give licence formal and complete
To choose the fair and pick the sweet.
But there be certain words, broad, plain,
Uttered again and yet again,

Hard to mistake or overgloss—
Announcing this world's gain for loss,
And bidding us reject the same :
The whole world lieth (they proclaim)
In wickedness,—come out of it !
Turn a deaf ear, if you think fit,
But I who thrill through every nerve
At thought of what deaf ears deserve—
How do you counsel in the case ?

IX.

“ I ’d take, by all means, in your place,
“ The safe side, since it so appears :
“ Deny myself, a few brief years,
“ The natural pleasure, leave the fruit
“ Or cut the plant up by the root.
“ Remember what a martyr said
“ On the rude tablet overhead !
“ ‘ I was born sickly, poor and mean,
“ ‘ A slave : no misery could screen
“ ‘ The holders of the pearl of price
“ ‘ From Cæsar’s envy ; therefore twice
“ ‘ I fought with beasts, and three times saw
“ ‘ My children suffer by his law ;
“ ‘ At last my own release was earned :

“ ‘ I was some time in being burned,
“ ‘ But at the close a Hand came through
“ ‘ The fire above my head, and drew
“ ‘ My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
“ ‘ Sergius, a brother, writes for me
“ ‘ This testimony on the wall—
“ ‘ For me, I have forgot it all.’
“ You say right ; this were not so hard !
“ And since one nowise is debarred
“ From this, why not escape some sins
“ By such a method ? ”

x.

Then begins

To the old point revulsion new—
(For ’t is just this I bring you to)
If after all we should mistake,
And so renounce life for the sake
Of death and nothing else ? You hear
Each friend we jeered at, send the jeer
Back to ourselves with good effect—
“ There were my beetles to collect !
“ My box—a trifle, I confess,
“ But here I hold it, ne’ertheless ! ”
Poor idiots, (let us pluck up heart
And answer) we, the better part

Have chosen, though 't were only hope,—
Nor envy moles like you that grope
Amid your veritable muck,
More than the grasshoppers would truck,
For yours, their passionate life away,
That spends itself in leaps all day
To reach the sun, you want the eyes
To see, as they the wings to rise
And match the noble hearts of them !
Thus the contemner we condemn,—
And, when doubt strikes us, thus we ward
Its stroke off, caught upon our guard,
—Not struck enough to overturn
Our faith, but shake it—make us learn
What I began with, and, I wis,
End, having proved,—how hard it is
To be a Christian !

XI.

“ Proved, or not,
“ Howe’er you wis, small thanks, I wot,
“ You get of mine, for taking pains
“ To make it hard to me. Who gains
“ By that, I wonder? Here I live
“ In trusting ease ; and here you drive
“ At causing me to lose what most
“ Yourself would mourn for had you lost !”

XII.

But, do you see, my friend, that thus
You leave Saint Paul for Æschylus?
—Who made his Titan's arch-device
The giving men *blind hopes* to spice
The meal of life with, else devoured
In bitter haste, while lo, death loured
Before them at the platter's edge!
If faith should be, as I allege,
Quite other than a condiment
To heighten flavours with, or meant
(Like that brave curry of his Grace)
To take at need the victuals' place?
If, having dined, you would digest
Besides, and turning to your rest
Should find instead . . .

XIII.

Now, you shall see
And judge if a mere foppery
Pricks on my speaking! I resolve
To utter—yes, it shall devolve
On you to hear as solemn, strange
And dread a thing as in the range

Of facts,—or fancies, if God will—
E'er happened to our kind ! I still
Stand in the cloud and, while it wraps
My face, ought not to speak perhaps ;
Seeing that if I carry through
My purpose, if my words in you
Find a live actual listener,
My story, reason must aver
False after all—the happy chance !
While, if each human countenance
I meet in London day by day,
Be what I fear,—my warnings fray
No one, and no one they convert,
And no one helps me to assert
How hard it is to really be
A Christian, and in vacancy
I pour this story !

XIV.

I commence
By trying to inform you, whence
It comes that every Easter-night
As now, I sit up, watch, till light,
Upon those chimney-stacks and roofs,
Give, through my window-pane, grey proofs

That Easter-day is breaking slow.
On such a night three years ago,
It chanced that I had cause to cross
The common, where the chapel was,
Our friend spoke of, the other day—
You 've not forgotten, I dare say.
I fell to musing of the time
So close, the blessed matin-prime
All hearts leap up at, in some guise—
One could not well do otherwise.
Insensibly my thoughts were bent
Toward the main point, I overwent
Much the same ground of reasoning
As you and I just now. One thing
Remained, however—one that tasked
My soul to answer; and I asked,
Fairly and frankly, what might be
That History, that Faith, to me
—Me there—not me in some domain
Built up and peopled by my brain,
Weighing its merits as one weighs
Mere theories for blame or praise,
—The kingcraft of the Lucumons,
Or Fourier's scheme, its pros and cons,—
But my faith there, or none at all.
“How were my case, now, did I fall

“Dead here, this minute—should I lie
“Faithful or faithless?” Note that I
Inclined thus ever!—little prone
For instance, when I lay alone
In childhood, to go calm to sleep
And leave a closet where might keep
His watch perdue some murderer
Waiting till twelve o’clock to stir,
As good authentic legends tell :
“He might : but how improbable !
“How little likely to deserve
“The pains and trial to the nerve
“Of thrusting head into the dark !”—
Urged my old nurse, and bade me mark
Beside, that, should the dreadful scout
Really lie hid there, and leap out
At first turn of the rusty key,
Mine were small gain that she could see,
Killed not in bed but on the floor,
And losing one night’s sleep the more.
I tell you, I would always burst
The door ope, know my fate at first.
This time, indeed, the closet penned
No such assassin : but a friend
Rather, peeped out to guard me, fit
For counsel, Common Sense, to wit,

Who said a good deal that might pass,—
Heartening, impartial too, it was,
Judge else : “ For, soberly now,—who
“ Should be a Christian if not you ? ”
(Hear how he smoothed me down.) “ One takes
“ A whole life, sees what course it makes
“ Mainly, and not by fits and starts—
“ In spite of stoppage which imparts
“ Fresh value to the general speed.
“ A life, with none, would fly indeed :
“ Your progressing is slower—right !
“ We deal with progress and not flight.
“ Through baffling senses passionate,
“ Fancies as restless,—with a freight
“ Of knowledge cumbersome enough
“ To sink your ship when waves grow rough,
“ Though meant for ballast in the hold,—
“ I find, ’mid dangers manifold,
“ The good bark answers to the helm
“ Where faith sits, easier to o’erwhelm
“ Than some stout peasant’s heavenly guide,
“ Whose hard head could not, if it tried,
“ Conceive a doubt, nor understand
“ How senses hornier than his hand
“ Should ’tice the Christian off his guard,
“ More happy ! But shall we award

“ Less honour to the hull which, dogged
“ By storms, a mere wreck, waterlogged,
“ Masts by the board, her bulwarks gone
“ And stanchions going, yet bears on,—
“ Than to mere life-boats, built to save,
“ And triumph o’er the breaking wave ?
“ Make perfect your good ship as these,
“ And what were her performances !”
I added—“ Would the ship reach home !
“ I wish indeed ‘ God’s kingdom come—’
“ The day when I shall see appear
“ His bidding, as my duty, clear
“ From doubt ! And it shall dawn, that day,
“ Some future season ; Easter may
“ Prove, not impossibly, the time—
“ Yes, that were striking—fates would chime
“ So aptly ! Easter-morn, to bring
“ The Judgment !—deeper in the spring
“ Than now, however, when there’s snow
“ Capping the hills ; for earth must show
“ All signs of meaning to pursue
“ Her tasks as she was wont to do
“ —The skylark, taken by surprise
“ As we ourselves, shall recognize
“ Sudden the end. For suddenly
“ It comes ; the dreadfulness must be

“ In that ; all warrants the belief—
“ ‘ At night it cometh like a thief.’
“ I fancy why the trumpet blows ;
“ —Plainly, to wake one. From repose
“ We shall start up, at last awake
“ From life, that insane dream we take
“ For waking now, because it seems.
“ And as, when now we wake from dreams,
“ We laugh, while we recall them, ‘ Fool,
“ ‘ To let the chance slip, linger cool
“ ‘ When such adventure offered ! Just
“ ‘ A bridge to cross, a dwarf to thrust
“ ‘ Aside, a wicked mage to stab—
“ ‘ And, lo ye, I had kissed Queen Mab !’
“ So shall we marvel why we grudged
“ Our labour here, and idly judged
“ Of heaven, we might have gained, but lose !
“ Lose ? Talk of loss, and I refuse
“ To plead at all ! You speak no worse
“ Nor better than my ancient nurse
“ When she would tell me in my youth
“ I well deserved that shapes uncouth
“ Frighted and teased me in my sleep :
“ Why could I not in memory keep
“ Her precept for the evil’s cure ?
“ ‘ Pinch your own arm, boy, and be sure
“ ‘ You ’ll wake forthwith !’ ”

XV.

And as I said
This nonsense, throwing back my head
With light complacent laugh, I found
Suddenly all the midnight round
One fire. The dome of heaven had stood
As made up of a multitude
Of handbreadth cloudlets, one vast rack
Of ripples infinite and black,
From sky to sky. Sudden there went,
Like horror and astonishment,
A fierce vindictive scribble of red
Quick flame across, as if one said
(The angry scribe of Judgment) "There—
"Burn it!" And straight I was aware
That the whole ribwork round, minute
Cloud touching cloud beyond compute,
Was tinted, each with its own spot
Of burning at the core, till clot
Jammed against clot, and spilt its fire
Over all heaven, which 'gan suspire
As fanned to measure equable,—
Just so great conflagrations kill
Night overhead, and rise and sink,
Reflected. Now the fire would shrink

And wither off the blasted face
Of heaven, and I distinct might trace
The sharp black ridgy outlines left
Unburned like network—then, each cleft
The fire had been sucked back into,
Regorged, and out it surging flew
Furiously, and night writhed inflamed,
Till, tolerating to be tamed
No longer, certain rays world-wide
Shot downwardly. On every side
Caught past escape, the earth was lit ;
As if a dragon's nostril split
And all his famished ire o'erflowed ;
Then, as he winced at his lord's goad,
Back he inhaled : whereat I found
The clouds into vast pillars bound,
Based on the corners of the earth,
Propping the skies at top : a dearth
Of fire i' the violet intervals,
Leaving exposed the utmost walls
Of time, about to tumble in
And end the world.

XVI.

I felt begin
The Judgment-Day : to retrocede

Was too late now. "In very deed,"
(I uttered to myself) "that Day!"
The intuition burned away
All darkness from my spirit too :
There, stood I, found and fixed, I knew,
Choosing the world. The choice was made ;
And naked and disguiseless stayed,
And unevadable, the fact.
My brain held all the same compact
Its senses, nor my heart declined
Its office ; rather, both combined
To help me in this juncture. I
Lost not a second,—agony
Gave boldness : since my life had end
And my choice with it—best defend,
Applaud both ! I resolved to say,
" So was I framed by thee, such way
" I put to use thy senses here !
" It was so beautiful, so near,
" Thy world,—what could I then but choose
" My part there ? Nor did I refuse
" To look above the transient boon
" Of time ; but it was hard so soon
" As in a short life, to give up
" Such beauty : I could put the cup
" Undrained of half its fulness, by ;

“ But, to renounce it utterly,
“ —That was too hard ! Nor did the cry
“ Which bade renounce it, touch my brain
“ Authentically deep and plain
“ Enough to make my lips let go.
“ But Thou, who knowest all, dost know
“ Whether I was not, life’s brief while,
“ Endeavouring to reconcile
“ Those lips (too tardily, alas !)
“ To letting the dear remnant pass,
“ One day,—some drops of earthly good
“ Untasted ! Is it for this mood,
“ That Thou, whose earth delights so well,
“ Hast made its complement a hell ? ”

XVII.

A final belch of fire like blood,
Overbroke all heaven in one flood
Of doom. Then fire was sky, and sky
Fire, and both, one brief ecstasy,
Then ashes. But I heard no noise
(Whatever was) because a voice
Beside me spoke thus, “ Life is done,
“ Time ends, Eternity’s begun,
“ And thou art judged for evermore.”

XVIII.

I looked up ; all seemed as before ;
Of that cloud-Tophet overhead
No trace was left : I saw instead
The common round me, and the sky
Above, stretched drear and emptily
Of life. 'T was the last watch of night,
Except what brings the morning quite ;
When the armed angel, conscience-clear,
His task nigh done, leans o'er his spear
And gazes on the earth he guards,
Safe one night more through all its wards,
Till God relieve him at his post.
“ A dream—a waking dream at most ! ”
(I spoke out quick, that I might shake
The horrid nightmare off, and wake.)
“ The world gone, yet the world is here ?
“ Are not all things as they appear ?
“ Is Judgment past for me alone ?
“ —And where had place the great white throne ?
“ The rising of the quick and dead ?
“ Where stood they, small and great ? Who read
“ The sentence from the opened book ? ”
So, by degrees, the blood forsook

My heart, and let it beat afresh ;
I knew I should break through the mesh
Of horror, and breathe presently :
When, lo, again, the voice by me !

XIX.

I saw . . . Oh brother, 'mid far sands
The palm-tree-cinctured city stands,
Bright-white beneath, as heaven, bright-blue,
Leans o'er it, while the years pursue
Their course, unable to abate
Its paradisal laugh at fate !
One morn,—the Arab staggers blind
O'er a new tract of death, calcined
To ashes, silence, nothingness,—
And strives, with dizzy wits, to guess
Whence fell the blow. What if, 'twixt skies
And prostrate earth, he should surprise
The imaged vapour, head to foot,
Surveying, motionless and mute,
Its work, ere, in a whirlwind rapt
It vanish up again?—So hapt
My chance. HE stood there. Like the smoke
Pillared o'er Sodom, when day broke,—
I saw Him. One magnific pall
Mantled in massive fold and fall

His dread, and coiled in snaky swathes
About His feet : night's black, that bathes
All else, broke, grizzled with despair,
Against the soul of blackness there.
A gesture told the mood within—
That wrapped right hand which based the chin,
That intense meditation fixed
On His procedure,—pity mixed
With the fulfilment of decree.
Motionless, thus, He spoke to me,
Who fell before His feet, a mass,
No man now.

XX.

“All is come to pass.
“Such shows are over for each soul
“They had respect to. In the roll
“Of Judgment which convinced mankind
“Of sin, stood many, bold and blind,
“Terror must burn the truth into :
“Their fate for them !—thou hadst to do
“With absolute omnipotence,
“Able its judgments to dispense
“To the whole race, as every one
“Were its sole object. Judgment done,
“God is, thou art,—the rest is hurled

“To nothingness for thee. This world,
“This finite life, thou hast preferred,
“In disbelief of God’s plain word,
“To heaven and to infinity.
“Here the probation was for thee,
“To show thy soul the earthly mixed
“With heavenly, it must choose betwixt.
“The earthly joys lay palpable,—
“A taint, in each, distinct as well;
“The heavenly flitted, faint and rare,
“Above them, but as truly were
“Taintless, so, in their nature, best.
“Thy choice was earth: thou didst attest
“’T was fitter spirit should subserve
“The flesh, than flesh refine to nerve
“Beneath the spirit’s play. Advance
“No claim to their inheritance
“Who chose the spirit’s fugitive
“Brief gleams, and yearned, ‘This were to live
“‘Indeed, if rays, completely pure
“‘From flesh that dulls them, could endure,—
“‘Not shoot in meteor-light athwart
“‘Our earth, to show how cold and swart
“‘It lies beneath their fire, but stand
“‘As stars do, destined to expand,
“‘Prove veritable worlds, our home!’

“Thou saidst,—‘Let spirit star the dome
“ ‘Of sky, that flesh may miss no peak,
“ ‘No nook of earth,—I shall not seek
“ ‘Its service further!’ Thou art shut
“Out of the heaven of spirit; glut
“Thy sense upon the world: ’t is thine
“For ever—take it!”

XXI.

“How? Is mine,
“The world?” (I cried, while my soul broke
Out in a transport.) “Hast Thou spoke
“Plainly in that? Earth’s exquisite
“Treasures of wonder and delight,
“For me?”

XXII.

The austere voice returned,—
“So soon made happy? Hadst thou learned
“What God accounteth happiness,
“Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess
“What hell may be his punishment
“For those who doubt if God invent
“Better than they. Let such men rest
“Content with what they judged the best.
“Let the unjust usurp at will :
“The filthy shall be filthy still :

“ Miser, there waits the gold for thee !
“ Hater, indulge thine enmity !
“ And thou, whose heaven self-ordained
“ Was, to enjoy earth unrestrained,
“ Do it ! Take all the ancient show !
“ The woods shall wave, the rivers flow,
“ And men apparently pursue
“ Their works, as they were wont to do,
“ While living in probation yet.
“ I promise not thou shalt forget
“ The past, now gone to its account ;
“ But leave thee with the old amount
“ Of faculties, nor less nor more,
“ Unvisited, as heretofore,
“ By God’s free spirit, that makes an end.
“ So, once more, take thy world ! Expend
“ Eternity upon its shows,
“ Flung thee as freely as one rose
“ Out of a summer’s opulence,
“ Over the Eden-barrier whence
“ Thou art excluded. Knock in vain ! ”

XXIII.

I sat up. All was still again.
I breathed free : to my heart, back fled
The warmth. “ But, all the world ! ”—I said.

I stooped and picked a leaf of fern,
And recollected I might learn
From books, how many myriad sorts
Of fern exist, to trust reports,
Each as distinct and beautiful
As this, the very first I cull.
Think, from the first leaf to the last !
Conceive, then, earth's resources ! Vast
Exhaustless beauty, endless change
Of wonder ! And this foot shall range
Alps, Andes,—and this eye devour
The bee-bird and the aloe-flower ?

XXIV.

Then the voice, " Welcome so to rate
" The arras-folds that variegate
" The earth, God's antechamber, well !
" The wise, who waited there, could tell
" By these, what royalties in store
" Lay one step past the entrance-door.
" For whom, was reckoned, not too much,
" This life's munificence ? For such
" As thou,—a race, whereof scarce one
" Was able, in a million,
" To feel that any marvel lay
" In objects round his feet all day ;

“ Scarce one, in many millions more,
“ Willing, if able, to explore
“ The secreter, minuter charm !
“ —Brave souls, a fern-leaf could disarm
“ Of power to cope with God’s intent,—
“ Or scared if the south firmament
“ With north-fire did its wings reflodge !
“ All partial beauty was a pledge
“ Of beauty in its plenitude :
“ But since the pledge sufficed thy mood,
“ Retain it ! plenitude be theirs
“ Who looked above ! ”

xxv.

Though sharp despairs
Shot through me, I held up, bore on.
“ What matter though my trust were gone
“ From natural things ? Henceforth my part
“ Be less with nature than with art !
“ For art supplants, gives mainly worth
“ To nature ; ’t is man stamps the earth—
“ And I will seek his impress, seek
“ The statuary of the Greek,
“ Italy’s painting—there my choice
“ Shall fix ! ”

XXVI.

“Obtain it !” said the voice,
“—The one form with its single act,
“Which sculptors laboured to abstract,
“The one face, painters tried to draw,
“With its one look, from throngs they saw.
“And that perfection in their soul,
“These only hinted at ? The whole,
“They were but parts of ? What each laid
“His claim to glory on ?—afraid
“His fellow-men should give him rank
“By mere tentatives which he shrank
“Smitten at heart from, all the more,
“That gazers pressed in to adore !
“‘ Shall I be judged by only these ? ’
“If such his soul’s capacities,
“Even while he trod the earth,—think, now,
“What pomp in Buonarroti’s brow,
“With its new palace-brain where dwells
“Superb the soul, unvexed by cells
“That crumbled with the transient clay !
“What visions will his right hand’s sway
“Still turn to forms, as still they burst
“Upon him ? How will he quench thirst,

“Titanically infantine,
“Laid at the breast of the Divine?
“Does it confound thee,—this first page
“Emblazoning man’s heritage?—
“Can this alone absorb thy sight,
“As pages were not infinite,—
“Like the omnipotence which tasks
“Itself to furnish all that asks
“The soul it means to satiate?
“What was the world, the starry state
“Of the broad skies,—what, all displays
“Of power and beauty intermixed,
“Which now thy soul is chained betwixt,—
“What else than needful furniture
“For life’s first stage? God’s work, be sure,
“No more spreads wasted, than falls scant!
“He filled, did not exceed, man’s want
“Of beauty in this life. But through
“Life pierce,—and what has earth to do,
“Its utmost beauty’s appanage,
“With the requirement of next stage?
“Did God pronounce earth ‘very good’?
“Needs must it be, while understood
“For man’s preparatory state;
“Nought here to heighten nor abate;
“Transfer the same completeness here,

“ To serve a new state’s use,—and drear
“ Deficiency gapes every side !
“ The good, tried once, were bad, retried.
“ See the enwrapping rocky niche,
“ Sufficient for the sleep in which
“ The lizard breathes for ages safe :
“ Split the mould—and as light would chafe
“ The creature’s new world-widened sense,
“ Dazzled to death at evidence
“ Of all the sounds and sights that broke
“ Innumerable at the chisel’s stroke,—
“ So, in God’s eye, the earth’s first stuff
“ Was, neither more nor less, enough
“ To house man’s soul, man’s need fulfil.
“ Man reckoned it immeasurable ?
“ So thinks the lizard of his vault !
“ Could God be taken in default,
“ Short of contrivances, by you,—
“ Or reached, ere ready to pursue
“ His progress through eternity ?
“ That chambered rock, the lizard’s world,
“ Your easy mallet’s blow has hurled
“ To nothingness for ever ; so,
“ Has God abolished at a blow
“ This world, wherein his saints were pent,—
“ Who, though found grateful and content,

“ With the provision there, as thou,
“ Yet knew he would not disallow
“ Their spirit’s hunger, felt as well,—
“ Unsated,—not unsatable,
“ As paradise gives proof. Deride
“ Their choice now, thou who sit’st outside !”

XXVII.

I cried in anguish, “ Mind, the mind,
“ So miserably cast behind,
“ To gain what had been wisely lost !
“ Oh, let me strive to make the most
“ Of the poor stunted soul, I nipped
“ Of budding wings, else now equipped
“ For voyage from summer isle to isle !
“ And though she needs must reconcile
“ Ambition to the life on ground,
“ Still, I can profit by late found
“ But precious knowledge. Mind is best—
“ I will seize mind, forego the rest,
“ And try how far my tethered strength
“ May crawl in this poor breadth and length.
“ Let me, since I can fly no more,
“ At least spin dervish-like about
• “ (Till giddy rapture almost doubt

“ I fly) through circling sciences,
“ Philosophies and histories !
“ Should the whirl slacken there, then verse,
“ Fining to music, shall asperse
“ Fresh and fresh fire-dew, till I strain
“ Intoxicate, half-break my chain !
“ Not joyless, though more favoured feet
“ Stand calm, where I want wings to beat
“ The floor. At least earth’s bond is broke !

XXVIII.

Then, (sickening even while I spoke)
“ Let me alone ! No answer, pray,
“ To this ! I know what Thou wilt say !
“ All still is earth’s,—to know, as much
“ As feel its truths, which if we touch
“ With sense, or apprehend in soul,
“ What matter ? I have reached the goal—
“ ‘ Where to does knowledge serve ! ’ will burn
“ My eyes, too sure, at every turn !
“ I cannot look back now, nor stake
“ Bliss on the race, for running’s sake.
“ The goal ’s a ruin like the rest !—
“ And so much worse thy latter quest,”
(Added the voice) “ that even on earth—
“ Whenever, in man’s soul, had birth

“ Those intuitions, grasps of guess,
“ Which pull the more into the less,
“ Making the finite comprehend
“ Infinity,—the bard would spend
“ Such praise alone, upon his craft,
“ As, when wind-lyres obey the waft,
“ Goes to the craftsman who arranged
“ The seven strings, changed them and rechanged—
“ Knowing it was the South that harped.
“ He felt his song, in singing, warped ;
“ Distinguished his and God’s part : whence
“ A world of spirit as of sense
“ Was plain to him, yet not too plain,
“ Which he could traverse, not remain
“ A guest in :—else were permanent
“ Heaven on the earth its gleams were meant
“ To sting with hunger for full light,—
“ Made visible in verse, despite
“ The veiling weakness,—truth by means
“ Of fable, showing while it screens,—
“ Since highest truth, man e’er supplied,
“ Was ever fable on outside.
“ Such gleams made bright the earth an age ;
“ Now the whole sun ’s his heritage !
“ Take up thy world, it is allowed,
“ Thou who hast entered in the cloud ! ”

XXIX.

Then I—"Behold, my spirit bleeds,
"Catches no more at broken reeds,—
"But lilies flower those reeds above :
"I let the world go, and take love !
"Love survives in me, albeit those
"I love be henceforth masks and shows,
"Not living men and women : still
"I mind how love repaired all ill,
"Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth amends
"With parents, brothers, children, friends !
"Some semblance of a woman yet
"With eyes to help me to forget,
"Shall look on me ; and I will match
"Departed love with love, attach
"Old memories to new dreams, nor scorn
"The poorest of the grains of corn
"I save from shipwreck on this isle,
"Trusting its barrenness may smile
"With happy foodful green one day,
"More precious for the pains. I pray,—
"Leave to love, only !"

XXX.

At the word,
The form, I looked to have been stirred

With pity and approval, rose
O'er me, as when the headsman throws
Axe over shoulder to make end—
I fell prone, letting Him expend
His wrath, while thus the inflicting voice
Smote me. "Is this thy final choice?
"Love is the best? 'T is somewhat late!
"And all thou dost enumerate
"Of power and beauty in the world,
"The mightiness of love was curled
"Inextricably round about.
"Love lay within it and without,
"To clasp thee,—but in vain! Thy soul
"Still shrunk from Him who made the whole,
"Still set deliberate aside
"His love!—Now take love! Well betide
"Thy tardy conscience! Haste to take
"The show of love for the name's sake,
"Remembering every moment Who,
"Beside creating thee unto
"These ends, and these for thee, was said
"To undergo death in thy stead
"In flesh like thine: so ran the tale.
"What doubt in thee could countervail
"Belief in it? Upon the ground
"That in the story had been found

“ ‘Too much love! How could God love so?’
“ He who in all his works below
“ Adapted to the needs of man,
“ Made love the basis of the plan,—
“ Did love, as was demonstrated :
“ While man, who was so fit instead
“ To hate, as every day gave proof,—
“ Man thought man, for his kind’s behoof,
“ Both could and did invent that scheme
“ Of perfect love : ’t would well beseem
“ Cain’s nature thou wast wont to praise,
“ Not tally with God’s usual ways !”

XXXI.

And I cowered deprecatingly—
“ Thou Love of God ! Or let me die,
“ Or grant what shall seem heaven almost !
“ Let me not know that all is lost,
“ Though lost it be—leave me not tied
“ To this despair, this corpse-like bride !
“ Let that old life seem mine—no more—
“ With limitation as before,
“ With darkness, hunger, toil, distress :
“ Be all the earth a wilderness !
“ Only let me go on, go on,

“Still hoping ever and anon
“To reach one eve the Better Land!”

XXXII.

Then did the form expand, expand—
I knew Him through the dread disguise
As the whole God within His eyes
Embraced me.

XXXIII.

When I lived again,
The day was breaking,—the grey plain
I rose from, silvered thick with dew.
Was this a vision? False or true?
Since then, three varied years are spent,
And commonly my mind is bent
To think it was a dream—be sure
A mere dream and distemperature—
The last day's watching: then the night,—
The shock of that strange Northern Light
Set my head swimming, bred in me
A dream. And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man.

Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.
Thank God, she still each method tries
To catch me, who may yet escape,
She knows,—the fiend in angel's shape !
Thank God, no paradise stands barred
To entry, and I find it hard
To be a Christian, as I said !
Still every now and then my head
Raised glad, sinks mournful—all grows drear
Spite of the sunshine, while I fear
And think, "How dreadful to be grudged
"No ease henceforth, as one that's judged,
"Condemned to earth for ever, shut
"From heaven !"

But Easter-Day breaks ! But
Christ rises ! Mercy every way
Is infinite,—and who can say ?

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